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"THE DENT IN THE PANEL." YOU MAY WIN A PRIZE.

VOL. XVIII.-NO. 5.

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

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WHO COMMITTED THE ROBBERY? **\$200** Reward.

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Every reader will have ample time to make up his mind regarding the cor rect explanation of the mystery of who committed the robbery between the publication of the chapter preceding the last chapter and the final instalment, which will be published at least one month later.

The reader will not be restricted to any fixed number of words in explain ing his theory, provided

1. That he is a subscriber not in arrears;

2. That he states in the opening sentence of his letter who committed the robbery;

3. That his statement involves only one theory - two different theories must not be sent in over one signature.

CHAPTER XX.

AN APPARITION.

Sergt. Croppage rose briskly to his feet.
"We must not waste time. I want to note down your own detailed statement, Dr. Vroom," he said. "If there is anything in the past that can possibly throw a light apon the affair it is important that I should

But Dr. Vroom, while he repeated with much minuteness all that he had previously said regarding the circumstances of the robbery, added nothing new. The sergeant seemed unsatisfied.

"Have you no knowledge whatever of the antecedents of this old man, this Mr. Tackantees."

"Nothing except what Mildred has told

me."
"And that was—"
"That he had been a good friend to them in their need—in the days when I had lost sight of my niece, and supposed she was provided for by the Iriends of my sister's husband. You will excuse me if I seem reluctant to talk about this matter. It was an old family trouble, a disagreement that brought about alienation. It was the merest fortunate chance that enabled me to discover Mildred and help her."
"So you know little more of your niece's past than you do of the lite career of the late Mr. Tackauerry?"

"There is something peculiar about her whole course in this matter. Did it ever occur to you that the young girl's troubles might have so far unsettled her mind as to make her the victim of a delusion —a 'fixed idea,' as you physicians might put it?"

The doctor took a slow turn up and down the room, pulled the curtain down and lit

Yes, of course," he returned. "But I ould see nothing that reall, went to estab-sh the theory. Morth held the same idea or a while, I am sure holds it still, maybe that is, if his brain hasn't turned with all these strange and trying experiences. Sometimes I think he must have been out of his head when he made that confession." A knock on the window door opening upon the verandah stopped the sergeant's

"It's Hermann, I suppose," said Dr. room. "Come in."
The young man entered, looking careworn and anxious. He bowed constrainedly to the detective.
"You have been taking rather a long

"You have been taking rather a long evening constitutional." was the sergeant's greeting. "Up and down the garden, eh? I suppose you know the paths so well by this time that you could walk them blindfold and never lose your way?"
Otto Hermann's face flushed.
"Hardly that, sergeant." was his response. "But my nerves are bot in the best state, and I thought a little exercise would do me good. What a day it has been!"
Serget Cropnage pojuted to a chair.

and I thought a little exercise would do me good. What a day it has been!"

Sergt. Croppage pointed to a chair.

"Sit down for a moment. Mr. Hermann. Dr. Vroom has just been giving me points on this case. Do you feel equal to making a little statement of such facts as ha e come to your knowledge regarding this affair? I got from the inspector a generalidea of what you said to him. But this is my first da, here, and I wish to get all the circumstances of the case well fixed in my mind."

Mr. Hermann irresolutely put his silk hat on the table, and took it up again. Then he looked at his watch.

"It is growing late," he said doubtfully, and I have an engagement in the city tonight. Would not tomorrow—"

The sergeant made a deprecatory gesture.

"You are a man of business. Mr. Hermann." he returned. "As such I need hardly recall to your mind a certain proverb: 'Never put off till tomorrow what can be done today.' I am sure that you will be hoost welcome to the hospitality of Birch El. What say you, Dr. Yroom."

"No "ea on why you should not stay. Hermann." the doctor answered. "Morth would be delighted."

"But my engagement." questioned the roung man, hesitatingly, with his hand on

ould be delighted."
"But my engagement." questioned the pung man, hesitatingly, with his hand on roung man, hesitatingly, with his hand on the rim of his glossy hat. "It can't be of vital importance in the vening and a summer evening at that," eturned the sergeant. "Come! Say you'll tay; and in this room or elsewhere tell

nat you know." Young Mr. Hermann looked a little annoyed.
"Certainly I will stay if you wish it. ser-

"Certainly I will stay if you wish it, sergeant," he answered, stimy. "I have no secrets to conceal, What little I have to tell concerning this mysterious affair I can tell ju t as well here and now."

Sergt, Croppage, who kept in mind what Mr. Hermann had disclosed to the inspector, and the inspector had confided in turn to his subordinate, made one special mental comment as the young man proceeded in his statement.
"He is keening secretic."

the is keeping something back." thought the detective. "What can be these business relations between him and Dr. Vroom, which neither is willing to speak about." There's nothing against Hermann's character. His financial rating is good, the inspector tells me. Possibly there may be something queer in the fellow's moral make-up, but it doesn't look that way so far. He may be reticent by nature in business matters. Dr. Vroom had listened to the young

man's story with undisguised satisfaction.
'There, you have the whole story, serreant.' he commented, emphatically, as the young man clos d his narrative. Perhaps Sergt Croppage failed to agree with the doctor, but he did not express his disent. "Well, Mr. Hermann," said the detective.

easily. "I suppose, then, you are as much at sea as the rest of us here, after the events

at sea as the rest of the day."

The young man shook his head.
"I haven't changed my opinion in the least." he returned, curtly. Morth's course may have deceived others here. But it has not altered my conviction sir."

Sergt, Croppage looked at the set, obstinate

has not altered my conviction sir."
Sergt. Croppage looked at the set, obstinate roung face with a quiet smile.
"Then you still think, I suppose, that Mr. Penfold is the guilty one?"
Dr. Vroom made an impatient movement. "It's a ridiculous notion of your's Hermann." he said. "You ought to know me letter than to assume I would take into my service a man I do not know about."

Mr. Hermann made an ejaculation that sounded very like a sneer.
"You knew all about Mr. Penfold when

glare was followed by a long, reverberating ly," he returned, with an effort to appear The gentleman thus mentioned gave a

ed on her finger in the dim light. It was a heavy ring.

Was it by chance, or in obedience to some unspoken, yet imperative monition, that the strange figure turned towards the corner where the safe was placed?
The detective noiselessly glided into the room before the woman had taken a single step in this new direction. In an instant the gas jet was blazing at its full height.
"Who can she be." thought Sergt. Croppage. "I must see her face at all events. Whoever she is, the woman has no good errand here at this hour of the night."

As he made his noiseless was nearer to the figure she seemed to stagger. Putting out her hand instinctively, she struck at a heavy was that rested on the mantel. The ornament toppled slowly for a moment and fell.

The crash sounded through all the house. Following it, almost instantly, came a wild shriek from the woman's lips. The sergeant placed his hands over her mouth, but this midnight wanderer seemed possessed of almost superhuman strength, and before the detective could gain control of her struggling form she had given cry after cry. In 2 moment, so it seemed to Sergt. Cropage. The room was filled with people, Dr. Morth, the last to come, pushed his way through the excited group of wildeyed people huddled near the door.

"What has happened?" he asked breathlessly, looking over the struggling form with her hands clutched together over her face.

"I found this woman in the room a moment ago as I came in from the veranda," answered the detective.

"She must be some one of the house. Try and get a look at her face. Stoop down man—don't try to lift her now, or pull away her hands. Just see if you know her."

Dr. Morth needed no second glance.

"In the name of all that's wonderful," he exclaimed. "what can the woman be doing here?"

"Who is it?" asked some one faintly from The crash sounded through all the house

"Who is it?" asked some one faintly from the hallway. "Who is it? The Swedish cook, Agatha

CHAPTER XXI. SEEKING THE TRUTH.

seeking the truth.

The buzz of excited and surprised comment blended strangely with the sound of the heavily falling rain.

"Marvels will never cease in this house," ejaculated Dr. Yroom, as with the assistance of the sergeant and Dr. Morth, the weak and trembling creature was placed in a chair. "Ther's water younder if she needs any. Thomas, take a glass to her. What are you frightened at? She will not hurt you. Now, sergeant, tell us what it all when chance threw him again in my way."

The sergeant looked at Mr. Hermann with an amused look.

"You see, my young friend," was his dry comment.

"It's all foolishness" came the award.

"You see, my young friend," was his dry comment.
"It's all foolishness," came the answer.
"Dr. Vroom may not see that he is the guilty man. But I know he is. So does Miss Midred. So doyou, Seret Croppage!"
"Speak for yourself only, my dear Mr. Hermann," answered the sergeaut quickly. "Impulsive gentlemen of your age are prone to assume altogether too much. You are not aware, I suppose, that Mr. Penfold has an excellently arranged defence of alibi?"
Young Mr. Hermann took up his nat with an angry gesture.
"'Arranged, is a capital word to use, sir.
No. I did not know that Dr. Vroom's clerk

Young Mr. Hermann took up his hat with an angry gesture.

"'Arranged,' is a capital word to use, sir. No. I did not know that Dr. Vroom's clerk had laid his plans so carefully, But the fact doesn't intiuence me an iota. I may be young. Sergt. Croppage, but life in Wall street and on 'Change have given me some knowledge of mankind, and the tricks and manners of shifty, designing, scheming fellows like this Sidney Penfold,"

There was such concentrated bitterness in his tones that Dr. Vroom stared at him in his tones that Dr. Vroom stared at him in surprise,

""" he said slowly. "you "Upon my word." he said slowly. "you couldn't say much worse against my secretary if he were the bitterest enemy you had tion for the girl. Have you ever seen helike this before. Anna Woodson?"

The maid dropped a frightened curtsey.

"Yes, if you please, sir, something like,
when she would cry out and try to get out
of her bed. She has been all upset, sir,

"Upon my word" he said slowly. "you couldn't say much worse against my score of the say inche worse against my score of the say in the word in the world."

"He were the bitterest enemy you had in the world."

"He was white with rage. "he was the with rage. The world."

"He is my enemy. Miss Midred's enemy. The same and the fellow shall not escape justice."

"And, by heavens, if I can help it, the fellow shall not escape justice."

"And, by heavens, if I can help it, the sound in the world."

"Sergt. Croppage laid his hand on the sound in the world."

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"It was that a state ing of the clans. But the fellow shall not escape justice."

"Sergt. Croppage laid his hand on the sound in the world."

"It was that a state ing of the clans. But the fellow shall not escape justice."

"To your trying to make public in this way for her, doctor. Carefully on the same stopectant confessed by another. Mr. Penfold is entitled to fair treatment, whether you like him or considered by another. Mr. Penfold is entitled to fair treatment, whether you like him or widence that Mr. Penfold adduces to show that he could not have been at Birch Hill at the time when the roobery was common that the time when the roobery was common that the time when the roobery was common to the serge and t

yourself might need to put in a defence in this case?"

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Hermann rose to his feet as he put the impulsive question.

"You paid the missing money to Dr. Vroom. If you have an enemy, as Mr. Penfold has, what is to hinder his demand that you account for yourself on that night of the robbery?"

The young man's face turned pale, then fiery red.

"Who dares to charge me with being a thief?" he asked, hoarsely.

one chanced to be in the garden and looked in the direction of the office he might have noted there a glimmer of a light. But though it was in summer, the curtains were closely drawn. No unknown observer could have been the wiser for what was ging on within in the hours just before dawn. When the glimmer vanished at last there was a gray light in the eastern sky. Prompt to their early appointment in the morning, four gentlemen, who looked as if they had passed but a restless night, presented themselves at Dr. Morth's study door.

"Who dares to charge me with being a thief?" he asked, hoarsely.

You have presumed to charge another with being a thief." said the sergeant, pointedly. "Why should you think yourself exempt from suspicion? Why should not Mr. Penfold turn the tables on yourself and insist upon your proving an alibi? My young friend, if there is anything in appearances—I'm not saying that there is, mind—you had vastly more to gain by getting fossession of the stolen property than Dr. Vroom's private secretary!"

Dr. Vroom stared at the young man while the detective spoke, and a curious, perplexed expression came to his florid countenance. sented themselves at Dr. Morth's study door.
It chanced that Sidney Penfold and Otto Hermann stood side by side as Dr. Vroom knocked. The visitor to Birch Hill nodded rather constrainedly, and said, 'Good morning.' Looking somewhat surprised, the private secretary returned the salutation, and they went in together. Chickering Snigg, who seemed in very low spirits, brought up the rear.

"Exact to the moment."said Dr. Morth, as he opened the door, with Sergt, Exton at his side, and greeted them severally.

"That's what I like, Find seats, gentlemen. You will observe that I have brought in chairs. I think there is one for each of you. What a night it has been! From your looks I should say not one of you had slept so soundly as I. You see, gentlemen. Behold in Mortimer Morth au object-lesson of the good results that follow the purging of one's

ance.
Mr. Hermann seemed completely dazed.

glare was followed by a long, reverberating peal.

Standing on the verandah a moment, the sergeant bethought himself of the charms of a home so "beautiful for situation." Time for me to turn in," he said. 'I must not moon about any longer." But with his foot already set within the diml. 'lighted once the detective started back, his heart beating as it had seldom throbbed in any person whom you best on the detective started back, his heart beating as it had seldom throbbed in any person whom you best on the detective started back, his heart beating as it had seldom throbbed in any person whom you best on the detective started back, his heart beating as it had seldom throbbed in any person whom you best on the serge was given to be a woman. The sergeant took me may person whom you be seemed no light of intelligence in her blank stare. She stood, hestiating, ast it is some fear, tapping the foor nervously with her back for a woman some fear, tapping the foor nervously with the back of the fact that there really is a since of hypnotism?"

Some fear, tapping the foor nervously with the possible to put into an hypontic condition, and i will undertake to try the solid many person whom you be to make a disclosure of the solid many that there is a second to him. The sergeant look me will be condition, and it will undertake to try the solid many that the transport of the fact that there really is a sicence of hypnotism?"

Dr. Morth was the fixed of intelligence in her blank stare. She stood, hestiating, as it in some fear, tapping the foor nervously with the point of a light that the sergeant is the solid many that the stand been hastly thrown over her shoulders.

Some words were murmured in a language which the sergeant. Its tening intently from the verandah did not understand.

As she but up her arm, something glinted on her inger in the dim light. It was a heavy rim.

As she but up her arm, something glinted on her inger in the dim light. It was a heavy rim.

Was thy checken and the proposed the fact that there really

of the fact."

Dr. Vroom still hesitated.

"If Dr. Morth can bring about this condition in a man like you I will acknowledge my mistate in an honest fashion. But, with all respect for you toth, I do not believe that Dr. Morth, or anybody else, can put you in a hypnotic condition, as you call it."

Mr. Snigg cowered in his corner during the narration.

"Did you tell the truth or not when you said you found that bottle, with the money enclosed, buried in the garden near the rose plot?"

Sergt. Exton's question was put very sharply.

Chickering Snigg started to his feet and clared at his questioner with quivering lips. The portry doctor smiled and waved his glared at his

Dr. Morth followed the suggestion with unusual alacrity. The moment the sub ect was well in his chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, the experimenter began to busy himself with deft passes and quick touches.

"You must not expect any results for a considerable time." Dr. Morth explained, tu ning to the sergeant, who with the others had eagerly taken up their positions yer near him. A man of Vroom's mental power cannot be controlled in a moment. The modern Mesmer pursued his undertaking untiringly. Not a sound, save the excited breathing of the interested group, marked his progress until suddenly Dr. Vroom spoke in a drowsy tone:

"You may be telling a lie now as you have done before." said Sergt. Exton. eveing the trembling form. It himk Dr. Vroom's testimony, whatever it may be, will be worth more than allyour protestations."

Otto Hermann unexpectedly put in a question.

"Where did you get that thousand dollar bill?"

But before Mr. Snigg's white lips could shape an answer there came a loud knocking at the door.

"Who is it?" called out Dr. Morth.

"It's done!" he whispered, rubbing his hands together, gleefully. "Sergeant, are you convinced?"

The officer looked over the experimenter's shoulder semewhat sceptically, but still with great interest.

"Not yet," he returned, in the same tone. "He may be asleep, but you have not yet demonstrated it. Much less have you made him speak."

Dr. Morth put his lips close to the ser-

im speak."
Dr. Morth put his lips close to the ser-Dr. Morth put his hips close to the sergeant's ear.

"Wait an instant, and you'il be much wiser," he whispered, eagerly. "Not about hypnotism alone, either."

He faced the recumbent figure and said, in decided tones:

"Vroom, I command you to go back in thought to the afternoon of the 7th of June last."

thought to the afternoon of the 7th of June last."

There was a start of surprise on the part of every member of the watching group as this question was put abruptly.

The subject's lips moved slightly, but no audible answer came.

"It will be in vain for you to resist, Vroom." declared the experimenter, with lips tightly compressed. "I can read your thoughts like a book. You are under the sway of a power that you cannot oppose. Once more I command you to go back in thought to the afternoon of the 7th of June."

June."
Dr. Vroom's impassive face conveyed no hint of acquiescence, but the hypnotist appeared satisfied. reared satisfied.
The control of the The young business friend of Dr. Vroom frowned slightly.
"Was that payment made in the way of

The object of this pointed reference made a gesture of surprise.
"Don't you ob ect." interposed the experimenter sharply, in a low tone. "That will not do at all for you. Vroom was Mr. Penfold a stranger to ou when he sought to be engaged in your service?"
"He was not"
"State the circumstances under which you ist became acquainted with Mr. Penfold."

The private secretary rose to his feet as if to remonstrate, but seemed to think better of it for he sat down again.

'Some time in May, is 1887, the young man came to my house and applied for a stretched."

situation."
"Where were you then living?"
"Not far from Palenville, this State."
"Were you at that time practising your profession as a physician."

"Yes."
"In what capacity did Mr. Penfold find mployment with you?" "As an attendant."
The private secr private secretary looked annoyed and bit his lips.

"An attendant upon yourself?"

"No; upon the patients who might be in

"You kept a sort of private hospital, "An invalids' retreat."
"For all classes of invalids?"
"Chiefly for those affected with mental

"Cheffy for those affected with a roubles,"
Otto Hermann sprang to his feet,
"I beg leave to submit," he irritably interposed, "that this is a waste of time. If we are here s mply to witness the proof that there is such a thing as hypnotism, well and good, I am sure we are all satis ed

Chickering Snigg started to his feet and glared at his questioner with quivering lips.

"I refuse to answer, sir. Am I a prisoner here, or charged with any crime, that you presume to cross examine me is this way."

You forget that I am a private detective, sir. Beware how you insult me, as you value your place. Serkt. Exton."

The efficer glanced at the man contemptuously and mapped his fingers.

"That for your threats. Mr. Chickering Snigg 'he responded sarcastically, "If you will not tell, I shall simply ask Dr. Morth to question his hypnotic subject on this matter."

Chapter Will Not be Published UNTIL MARCH 8.

Subscribers who intend to compete for the Three Cash Prizes had more chance in Washington society than a bachelor," for as he expressed it, "there is no chance here for a bachelor," The widowers tions of the mystery, "Who Committed the Robbery," are hereby notified that every answer must be mailed on or before Feb. 28. Any answer mailed after Feb. will be rejected. Between only now and Feb. 28 there is ample now and Feb. 28 there is ample time for the preparation of a carefully considered answer. Write only on one side of each letter sheet. Other conditions are stated at the head of this instalment. A competent committee will examine all the answers, and announce the awards in the issue of March 8, along with the publication of the last chapter. Another powerful and absorbing story will begin in a fortnight. a fortnight.

TONS OF MINERAL PAINT. Rich Discovery of a Farmer at South

Dells. ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 26.-The small colony f Pennsylvania-Dutch farmers in South ells. Wells township, Bradford county, Penn., about six miles south of this city, 18 Hart, of a deposit of mineral paint of slate olor. Col, Hart sent samples of the paint to various places for analysis and in every case received a reply that the material was valuable.

Among the men who learned of it was C.

S. Thurston, Boston, He formed a syndicate of Portland. Me., capitalists, who, through their representative Mr. Thurston secured an option of purchase of the land containing the deposit for \$2500, a nominal sum comparatively, but twenty times the value of land in that locality for farming purposes. Mr. Thurston, in company with Alpha D. Griswold C. E., made a topographical and geographical survey of the land and found that the deposit covered about five acres of "D" shaped swamp, has an average depth of 11 leet and contains about 200,000 tons of paint. The surface of the ground is colored the ground is colored to the ground i their representative Mr. Thurston, secured

the detective spoke, and a curious perplaced expression came to his ford counter.

M. Hermann seemed completely dazed, the misstance illusives and the control of the misstance is a different control of the misstance in a different

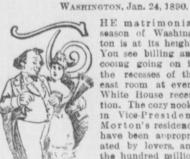
CATCHES.

Marriageable Men at Washington.

Welcott of Colorado One of the Best on the List.

The Handsomest Man at the Capital-Professional Beaux.

[Copyrighted, 1890.1



HE matrimonial season of Washington is at its height. You see billing and cooing going on in the recesses of the east room at every White House reception. The cozy nooks in Vice-President Morton's residence have been appropriated by lovers, and the hundred million dollars that is trot-

ting around in petticoats and pantaloens is being beseiged at afternoon teas, at evening dinners and upon every other available oc-

Washington has its marriageable men as well as its marriageable women, and the fifty millions owned by the heiresses is offset by a like amount owned by good catches among the men. The males have brains in addition to their money, and it is no wonder that hundreds of girls come here every winter hoping to carry away a noted

Senatorial Catches. Even the Senate has put up some good naterial at auction and the girls who throw the most love and beauty into their bids will knock the persimmons. Wo cott of orado is a bachelor, and the long skinand-bone Bachelor Saulsbury has retired to muscled successor named Higgins, who enough at the law to support an extra agant wife. Higgins would make a dear of a husband, and I sat in the Senate today and feasted my eyes on his person.

Straight, broad-shouldered and chunky, he has regular features, and his brave blue eyes shine with strength and with tenderness. He has a good crop of light hair, well ness. He has a good crop of light hair, well combed, and he dresses in taste. He is purnacious and strong, and he would fight to the death for the would fight to the wou

Sepatorial Widowers.

known to show that it lies in a regular bed, the quality soling that the quality soling the quality soling that the quality soling the quality soling that the problems that will capable of turning out 20 tons of an integrated and one condition of thems that mill capable of turning out 20 tons of the mill will be located at Bulk field, a suburp of this city, and a railroad oscillation of the capable of the ca

ber of them have gone off within the past year. Col. Abner Taylor, the rich Chica goan, skipped out to Michigan not long ago and married without giv ng the Washington girls a chance. Mark Brewer of Michigan came back to Congress this year with a wife, and the dear. blond-mustached young widower, Hemphill of. South Carolina, has married again. Owens of Indiana has wedded a pretty widow who cared for him when he was ill in a big but unfeeling Chicaco hotel; and Jackson, the rich Pennsylvanian, and Timothy Campbell of New York have not been returned.

Charley O'Neill of Philadelphia, however, is here and handsome Harry Bingham of the same city of brotherly love has kept his affections pure, and the bachelor blush still mantles his check. O'Neill is 67 years old, but he does not look over 50, and I am told that he corresponds with more ladies than any other man in the House. He is one of the kindest-hearted men in the



world, and he writes to the girls strictly on business and because he cannot refuse to answer their inquiries. He makes it a principle to answer every letter he receives, and he has done this ever since he first came to Congress, more than a score of years ago, his connection with Washington society, however, does not extend outside of his letters. He used to go to all the afternoon teas, and he was one of the leading figures of all the receptions. Of late he has dropped giddy ways, and though he likes to talk to ladies, and takes a fatherly interest in the debutantes, he sticks to his workshop and pen. shop and pen.

A Little Bald, but Loving. Gen. Harry Bingham is one of the marked men from the galleries. He is very hand-some, and he always looks as if he came out of a bandbox. He is a little bald, it is true, but his cheeks are as rosy as those of a true, but his cheeks are as rosy as those of a milkmaid and his smile is childlike and bland. His history is a fetching one. He was a brave soldier when he married a lovely Baltimore girl. They lived in the prettiest sort of a house on L. street in Washington for several years, and his wife died there a few years ago. She had been an invalid for some time, and he cared for her as tenderly as a woman. It is doubtful whether he will ever marry again; beshows himself in society only at two or three re-

Diplomatic Beaux.

ceptions a year.

The diplomats are beaux by profession.

ombed, and he dresses in taste. He is purasoious and strong, and he would fight to the death for the woman he loved. He comes from southern Delaware, and he has made a reputation as a lawyer. His check is good for \$100.000 and he is liberal, as he is rich. He has a house here at Washington, near Dupont Circle, and his only incumbrances are two pretty nieces, whom I doubt not a new wife could manage.

The senator is 49 years old. He is well educated, is a graduate of Yale, and is a good catch. He has the sweetest voice woman ever listened to. It is melodious, caressing and sincere, and the Washington sgirls say that his nature is better expressed by his voice than his face. He is forward in politics but rather backward in love and he cannot be recently said to a friend that a "widower had more chance in Washington society than a bachelor," for as he expressed it. "there is no chance here for a bachelor when a widower is around. The w dowers only 41 years ago. He is better looking that his face he is younger, having been born only 41 years ago. He is better looking that Higgins, and though his savings may not be large, his income is certainly greater. He makes, it is gaid, \$5,6,000 a year at the world a large in the makes, it is gaid, \$5,6,000 a year at the come of the reference is an another of the diplomats. His family make a first place he is younger, having been born only 41 years ago. He is better looking to the face of the diplomats. His family make a first place he is younger, having been born only 41 years ago. He is better looking to the face of the diplomats. His family make a face of the diplomats have been and a light of the face of the diplomats. His family make a face of the diplomats have been an anordinary man tongue check. The world have a sevent of the diplomats have been and a love of the diplomats. His family make the was unable to keep the course. The means to kind a fair with

Alexander Greger of the Russian legation is worth \$2,000,000. He comes of a good



Court De Chambrus. Baron Voy Mumm DIPLOMATIC BEAUX.

family, is fairly handsome, is a member of the Columbia Athletic Club. owns a lot of good horses, and is a good all-round society man.
Arthur Herbert of the English legation is another catch. He is fond of fox hunting, and the equestriennes of the capital stand the best chance with him.

Army and Navy Gallants. As to the army and navy, there is a score of officers who dance around the heiresses and sport more gold braid than bullion. Few of them have any bank accounts, and their income comes from the government. They are not desirable catches in any way. The girls like them for their brass buttons, but their mothers watch such attachments very closely.

The Handsomes Man in Washington. Among the irresistibles of the navy is Dr. L. M. Ruth, whom Mrs. Cleveland called the handsomest man in Washington. He is an authority on women's dresses, and it is said that he once expressed surprise that a woman as brune as Mrs. Cleveland should wear violet. One day, after Mrs. Cleveland had heard this remark, he met her at a reception, and, as he shook her hand, he murmured: "The violet cown!"

"The violet gown!"
"Yes," said Mrs. Cleveland, "but it shall never be worn again." And it was not. Dr. Ruth had charge of the Harrison inaugural ball. He has been best man at 50 weddings, and will preside at a number of the gay affairs of the next few weeks.

Damascus; satins from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed.

Muslin is named from Mosul in Asia; alpaca from an animal in Peru of the Ilama succeeded in enveloping him in the sack, took him unon his back, and laid him at the feet of the Emperor.

This comical what is said to be the origin of the phi "give him the sack," so or Amon in the life to for curting.

TWIGS HIS ONLY FOOD.

Trapper's Awful Experience in Maine Woods.

Hut, Furs, Food, Clothing, Matches All Destroyed by Fire.

Three Days of Tramping and Hunger, Without Sleep.

Bangor, Me., Jan. 26.—The frightful ex-perience of the Maine moose hunter, the story of whose wanderings and danger was told in The Globe but a few days ago, has been even surpassed by the thrilling adventure of William Bartlett of Frederickton, a trapper who has just reached civilization

Bartlett is one of the reminders of the ioneers of the olden time, a man who eaves early each autumn for the remotest parts of the great forests and is not seen again until the spring, when he comes down with a great quantity of the richest furs, tho results of a lonesome winter's toil. He always goes alone and rarely takes a

This year he started away a little later than usual and went to the head of the Upsalquitch, which has the reputation of being in one of the richest game regions in the province. He built a small camp and had very good luck hunting and trapping.

His adventures previous to the one great event of the past week would make a very long story, for he had encounters with savage and healthy specimens of the Loupcervier and saw traces of the gray wolves, which the hunters fear are slowly creeping into this region again,

The cold, during the few days of last

week, when this whole Eastern country caught the frigid wave, was something inas he was by a comfortable camp, plenty of wood for fires and the heat-producing meat from his wild game, he didn't mind it.

One of the coldest nights that he had he piled his fire high with hard wood and turned in to his bunk and fell asleep.

About midnight he was wakened by intense heat, and found that his cabin was one mass of flames, leaving him but a few moments to gather his ordinary clothing and

imself in society only at two or three re- to the uninviting outer air. He had time to save but little, and he stood and saw his temporary home fade away before the flames, carrying with it all the contents.

He lost his furs, which he valued at from

food. He are no show and allowed fee to melt in his mouth only in very sparing quantities. Had it not been for his general knowled to of woods life, which prevented him from doing many of these things, he would never have survived his journey, and all through the second day he travelled, neither finding or hardly expecting to find any signs of a human habitation. He was

Unfamiliar Pathway. but still he knew there were no settlements

for many miles.

When the second night came on there was no storm to prevent him from keeping his course, but he was so nearly exhausted that he was glad to rest. A snowbank was the only bed offered him, but he scooped out a room and retired, the bright stars shining into his resting-place in a manner which

into his resting-place in a manner which stirred his hopes, for he knew that it was only by husbanding his strength that he could hold out without food for the rest of his journey.

He did not intend to sleep the second night, but the tired nerves soon gained control of him and he lost consciousness.

When he awoke it was with a start of fear at his escape from death, for he felt a numbness taking possession of h m. His feet had no feeling, and he thought they were frozen so as to be helpless, but upon rising he was rejoiced to find that he could use them. His ears and parts of his face were frozen, and his hands affected so that he did not dare to lie down again, but resumed his journey, eating the twigs as before for nour ishment.

At noon on the third day he saw from the

Journey, eating the twigs as before for nourishment.

At noon on the third day he saw from the
top of a high hill smoke rising in the distance. He was so far gone that he could not
walk very fast, and it was a long time before he reached the place. It was a solitary
house, miles up on the Tobigue, and which
he might have easily passed unnoticed in
the night. Scarcely more than a cabin, if
looked more inviting to him than a city.
He was kindly received and given care
until he recovered from the effects of ha
hunger and exposure to the fearful cold,
his feet were found to have been partially
frozen, and a few moments more sleep
would have ended Bartlett's career beyond
a doubt.

would have ended Bartlett's career beyond a doubt.

He attributes his safe deliverance from the hardship to an iron constitution and to his knowledge of the woods and of what course to pursue in such cases.

Bartlett declares that he will never go into the woods alone again, and he urges young hunters especially to guard against the practice.

the practice.

The story from his own lips, with his hunter's dialect and descriptive powers, is thrilling in the extreme. TO GIVE THE SACK.

Origin of a Phrase Common in the Literature of Courting. [American Notes and Queries.] Two noblemen in the reign of Maximilian II. (1564-1576), one a German, the other a Spaniard, who had each rendered a great service to the emperor, asked the hand of s of importance. Very few dry goods men his daughter, Helena, in marriage. Maximow the origin of the names of many of milian said: "That as he esteemed them the goods they handle. They may seem both alike, it was impossible to choose be tween them, and, therefore, their own prow

ess must decide it; but being unwilling to risk the loss of either by engaging them in deadly combat, he ordered a large sack to be bought, and declared that he who should put his rival into it should have his fair Helena."

And this whimsical combat was actually performed in the presence of the impact.

Miss McFlimsey (who wants to get a pair

of gloves for a male friend)-Have you any gentlemen's gloves?

New Clerk (glancing at her hand)—No. miss; but I think I can find a ladies' size

His Affinity. [Munsey's Weekly.] Beatrice-Why do you suppose so solid a

person as Eben Morris ever married a girl like Doris Golightly, Ethel? Ethel-I don't know, unless the natural affinity of a self-made man is a tailor-made

that will fit you.

You Can Make the Most Money by Working for THE GLOBE. Send for Rates.

SUNSET PASS;

Running the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING. ACTROE OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WO ING." ETC.

[Convright, 1890, by S. S. McClure,]



his blankets, with his

his head buried in his arms.

black pines away to the westward. The captain and Corporal Pike were hurriedly Many a year had old Pike served with the coming towards him through the stunted standards of the cavalry. All through the

almost have run away. But the next words

reassured him.
"That you, Manuelito?" challenged Capt.

to "lose" the tell-tale side line in the waters

Pike in low and earnest conversation. that greaser."

"I shall only go out a short four miles," But the susp

moved out to the edge of the timber, where he could hear the last of it—a big anxiety

"Who comes there?" welling up in his heart and a world of responsibility with it; but he clutched his carbine the more firmly and gave a backward glance, his face softening as his eyes | right? I want to push right on to the Pass fell upon the wagon, where little Ned and tonight."

Nell lay sleeping, and darkening with "Horses all right, captain. What's the Nell lay sleeping, and darkening with menace and suspicion as he took one swift meatter back there?" look at Manuelito, cowering there over the

"Blast that monkey-hearted greaser!" he ears that those scoundrels were having a muttered. "I believe he would knife the war dance. Now the chances are they'll

There was no use in worrying when "Marsa piney ridge, stretching from north to south Gwin" was on guard, and within an hour across the trail they had come along that day, from the time he had had his substantial day, and, right there among the pines—Pike In Manuelito was thoroughly aware of this trait of his "style-mate," else he had not dared to bring the captain's horse so close to the fire. Now his fierce, half-Indian face seemed full of perplexity and dread. The within range would be gathered along their Apache signal fire still glowed among the path, and that if they got through Sunset

supper, Jim was snoring melodiously, with his head buried in his arms. judged it to be several miles south of the orous kicks, was silently but briskly hitch ing in his team, Manuelito silently but sul

flight.

"Now, Pike, ride ahead and keep sharp lookout for the road. I'll jump up here beside Jim and drive, keeping right on your trail. Old 'Gregg' will tow along behind the wagon. He is too tired to carry any one else this day—and you—Manuelito, hark ye, keep right behind 'Gregg'. Don't fall back 10 yards. I want you right here with us, and if anything goes wrong with your team, or you cannot keep up, shout and we'll wait for you. Now, then, Pike, forward!"

with us, and if anything goes wrong with your team, or you cannot keep un, shout and we'll wait for you. Now, then, Pike The An hour later in its prescribed order this little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the hittle convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the little convoy had wound its way through Javis Pass and was trotting rapidly over the hard out smooth rondway towards the hard over the hard out smooth rondway towards the hittle convoy had wanted to load, but his little convoy had wanted to load to his form and the will want the winding trail. Little very starting the wanted to make farther away now. These mountain Apaches in northern Articon have no his convolent the pass and the result of the pass and the pas

ceal the severed side line? Off it came, of battle and adventure, and where his dol-

Presently they heard him hail.
"Come on! Here we are!"

Jim touched up his wearied team, and both nervous hands working rapidly, and lars would enable him to give comforts and then when he had about determined to cut | comfits, toys and "taffee" to her little ones. off the lines of one of Jim's mules and so throw suspicion on him-his African mate. Was he not conscious that her eldest boy throw suspicion on him-his African mate. he was aware of his captain scriding Pike, and a young American all through? through the trees towards him. He could lt must be confessed that as the ex-cor-

called back into the darkness:
"How's Manuelito getting on, Pike?" No answer.
The captain stepped back a few yards and listened. Not a sound of hoof or wheel, "Pike!" he called. "Where are you?"

Gwin, in low, hoarse tones, "All right! "If it were anybody else, now, but old Take the side lines off Gregg and saddle Gwin," he muttered to himself, "things him for me at once. I have work to do." wouldn't be so mixed, but he never did

The Mexican could hardly believe in his have any horse sense and now has run us escape. For the time being, at least, he stood safe. It would be easy enough later no judge." Then he glanced over his shoulder again of the lake. Manuelito cursed his folly in Manuelito was shuffling about the fire ap

the wagons, and Pike took several strides [TO BE CONTINUED.] "Gregg" saddled, and ready by the little dier, he brought his carbine to full cock. camp-fire. There stood the captain and Somehow or other he "could not tolerate

new vin. Fresh white sand was strewn on the clean floor, and the plated top of each candy jar shone like

ner knitting.

the bell and an emphatic slam announced : customer. It was apple-cheeked Mrs. Flannigan, of the second floor. "Three pair o' shoe strings, Mrs. O'Shea. she said, putting down the money with ar

every minute, I understand." "Every minute, now," returned Mrs. O'Shea, smiling. "An' you'd think by the way I've scrubbed up, the eyes ov her wud

Stebbin's pigeons. The saints bless him fur the kapin' ov 'em!' 'Ay, but my Eila can't see the pigeons. bit, he made out that the "greaser" was fumbling over nothing else than a side-line.

Flannigan! She's a bit of a flower, if she is me own child. They have kept her just beautiful at the institution, an' when I look

> "Ye've worked faithful to kape her in the institution."
> "Ay, but I couldn't teach her meself, I a

widdy an' she blind." "Did none ov the doctors iver say she cud The motherly face grew sad.

captain preferred to any other gait. Pike see the coming horseman against the sky. a lady of Elia, but I'm afraid it was a cruel blind, but I'll sing 'The Staff on Which I thing.'

"But this is my own home," returned Eila, patting the shabby cushions gleefully, and waving one little hand towards the



Jimsey's in a fair way, dear. An' ain't you glad now to be home with mother?"

"Well. I just guess so," cuddling down in the chair. "Mammy, speak to me." "Yes, dear; here I am."

Mrs. Kearney sighed. "She's a real sprig of Irish heather. Going so soon, Mrs. Flannigan?"
"We must not stay too long. Up with

you, missus."

There were callers of all descriptions.
The cream of the tenement population paid its respects to the dainty girl who had come there to live. The cobbler brought her a

lightedly.

'Raised her, bedad!' said proud Tim.

'She eats milk, taties an' bits o' bread.

Niver a scratch out o' her, an' she purrs like the tickin' ov a watch. I raised her for you, or it's the drowned cat she'd be this dor."

ay."
Fila hugged kitty and laughed.
"What's her name, Tim?"
"What's the queer one she answers to;
ushle,' for she was called Acushla because

belongin' to you."
You're kind to me. Tim. Come here, I see you with my fingers."
It's like satin, your fingers are," said n. "Will you know meagain now, Eila?"
That I will."

That I will."

Bedad, you're better off than any of us,
a. fur you've got the 10 eyes to our two;
ast's me complexion now?" "An' me hair?"
"Red."

"Red."
"An' me nose."
"A snub."
Timmy laughed uproariously. "Some frind o' mine has been givin' 'ye tips," he said, "but you know a han'some feller when ye see him, that ye do. Miss Eila."
"Do come again," nodded Eila. as he took his departure after a gale of merriment. "I like you so."

like you so."
"Then it's funny if I don't wear out me RS. O'SHEA'S candy welcome, an' this carpet, with the extentoy shop was as neat as a me comin'," said Tim with a droll smile to



God sends to cheer my constant night. His loving thoughts in kindly rays Make sunshine sweet to light my days. The Angel Patience holds my hand And leads me through the shadow land; The Angel Peace, with loving touch, Upholds me if I suffer much. The merry song of bird and bee Teach how contented I should be; For through my night the dawn will come, And I shail see in heaven's sun.

And I shall see in heaven's sun.

"That's beautiful, Ella Don't you know something about legs, too?"

"No. Jimsey; Miss Herbert never wrote

oorse?"
"He's gone out ov the city to a big consulation, an' I asked it ov him. He's the heart n him. Dr. Dinnis has. Think of the sweet it thim two kin be breathin' in some lanes

riage for an hour or two every week, and very often the drive ended on the vine-covered porch. Ella called the place Roselands and Mrs. Dennis the sweet rose lady.



seemed to have forsaken him, and he played with the cat for a while in silence. "Mrs. O'Shea, it's thinkin' a good bit of Eila and Jimsey they are, out at the doc-tor's"

dimsey. It's always some one we have at the farmhouse every summer."

Mrs. O'Shea's air was stern and forbid-ding, but Eila's quick ear had caught Tim's low words, and taking it for granted that

where his mother placed him, breathing heavily.

You're spent. Jimsev—but he would come. He's got something for you Eila."

"The that glad you're back, Eila." said Jimsev. weakly.

"Don't talk yet." said Eila, skilfully feeling her wav over to the sofa and kneeling down by his side. She ran her fingers rapidly over his face and said: "It's the same Jimsey."

"I've hought you this. Eila. It's every the same of t

JOHN PAUL JONES.

His Great Fight Described by Ad miral David P. Porter, U. S. N.



The names of Trux-

many depredations. Ships of war were has tily fitted out to go in pursuit, all the coas guards were on the lookout, and every prominent point was furnished with signals to convey news of the whereabouts of the American feet. Jones was, however, very poorly seconded by some of the commanding officers of his ships, who were inefficient and insubordinate, and a less energetic con mander would have given up the expedition

altogether.

After burning, sinking or running or shore numbers of vessels, Paul Jones met with an enemy more worthy of his adventurous spirit. This affair did more to exhibit the d ring character of Paul Jones than any other event of his life, and should have silenced those detractors who tried to take from him the fame he had so bravely won, It showed that his skill and determi nation exceeded that of any other living naval commander.

rough Head, a convoy of 41 sail appeared, tate all the conditions of the conand chase was given. The merchant ves- junction which make it so irksome for me sels crowded sail for the coast, but the two to go away from my own studio to paint Jones, who first ships of war in charge of the convoy portraits. Practically speaking, I never taught the English to bore down, and sh wed a disposition to now do go to my sitters. When I have done respect our flag on engage. Making signal to form line of batter so, in the past my dictures have almost althe ocean, is generated to which the Alliance paid no attendance ways been failures. In the first place, it is ally referred to as a bold "adventurer." a did not succeed in coming along side the lighting. My studio is illuminated in the bold "adventurer." a did not succeed in coming along side and designation given enemy's flagship till 7 o'clock p. m., when, him by our foes, being a pistol-shot away, the latter hailed the Bon Homme Richard, and was answered the Bon Homme Richard, and was answered to be the best—that is, by a double light. I gain roundness by flooding my sitter with the

The battle thus begun between the two bridge, Porter, Perry,
McDonough, Decatur,
Preble, Lawrence,
Alle they that of his are less manageproble, Lawrence,
Alle they that of his are less manageproble, Lawrence,
Alle they that of his are less manageproblem. Preble, Lawrence, able than that of his opponent, being at the Somers. Biddle and others are occasionally best a dull sailer, and the latter, in remembered as men who, at a remote consequence, several times obtained an period, performed gallant service; but advantageous situation in spite of the efnothing has been done to preserve the forts of the American to prevent it. Havmemory of those distinguished officers, and ing to deal with an enemy of much greater it is only within a few years that anything force Jones was compelled to close action tike an accurate account of their achievements was given to the world. This is inments was given to the world. T excusable, for few indeed have any conception of the hardships and sacrifices of Richard athwart the bow of his antagonist, ception of the hardships and sacrifices of the men who went forth to battle with the "Mistress of the Seas" upon her chosen unable to carry out his intention. In the attempt, however, the bowsprit of the Britting without the knowledge of the sitter. Through the efforts of the navy in 1812 ish ship came across the poop of the Bon we gained what we went to war to obtain. Homme Richard and was immediately and from that time our flag has been respected as the emblem of one of the great of the wind brought the two ships square powers of the world. The history of that alongside each other, the bow of one at the

sel and carrying 40 guns, while the Serapis, built for war purposes, carried 50 guns, though rated as a 44-gun ship.

HOW I PAINT A PORTRAIT. Experience of the Celebrated Prof. Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A.



HE FIRST essential in the art of portrait painting is to assert your position as the master of your model,

About noon of Sept. 23, 1779, while Jones' squadron was cruising off Flamboof that need which I feel to dic-

The common cant tells you to paint a man "as he is," but fails to say at what moment. Now. a mood, the weather, the light, sympathy or aversion, hunger or reoletion, health or sickness, cheerfulness or melancholy, will so alter a man "as he is" that he may scarcely be recognizable as the man that "was"-something wholly different-just now. It is merely justice, then, that you should take some pains to catch a sitter at his best. Wait till he has a pleasant expression, and then seize it. It will repeat itself often enough to secure it pernamently in his picture. This is quite another thing from that amiable rounding off of all the angles which some painters believe to be justifiable. I always try to retain all the strength, and yet some of my greatest successes have been those in which I have had to wait and wait for the best expression and the most agreeable attitude. Get through the man, and if you are patient

With a portrait I do as much as I can in one hour, and then in the case of the first sitting, no more. There is no use in trying laced that your sight is a little below his.

too much in which he puts on his color first. I work myself on the lines of prima painting. The first thing of all is to get the flesh tones correct, and I do this as from a model, with no attempt at likeness, which is quite a secondary consideration at this stage of proceedings. To match the tones of the flesh tints on cheek, hair, coat-and shirt is the basis of impression upon which our modern por-traiture is founded. Some will dispute the fact, but to me nothing in the later stages of

it is with thin, light touches, so as to tamper as little as possible with the original

How often it is said, "I suppose you get somebody else to paint the hands and back-

At times the tone of the background means changing the whole scheme of color, and the tone of the face. One thing is certain, that to commence a portrait without being quite sure what the background is to be, is fatal—it unnerves the painter, and by a reflex action worries the sitter.

It is necessary to guard the sitter from all

be, is fatal—it unnerves the painter, and by a reflex action worries the sitter.

It is necessary to guard the sitter from all anxiety as to the probable success of the portrait, but the painter can, and should, from the first moment take the sitter into his entire confidence with regard to his intentions, and to make it (like the organ blower and player) a matter of "we." To show them the portrait from the first will save the vainter the greatest anguish. I once vainted a gentleman whose wife could not come to see the portrait until it was finished. As I opened the door to her she said in shaking hands with me, "This is an awful moment for both of us." It is truly an awful moment—the family's first sight of a finished portrait—at least for the painter. The plunge is generally accomplished by the artist suddenly turning the portrait round on the easel after a few cunningly constructed sentences by way of introduction. Is he a hypocrite or a humburg for so doing? No! He is but seeking his self-preservation.

Then comes the phrase from husband to wife, or vice versa, as the case may be, "Ah, just stand next to the portrait, dear!"

There is no question as to whether the sitter is in the same light or position. Nothing can be more unjust to the painter, or more irritating and I have always put my foot down firmly and have forbidden it in

sitter is in the same light or position. Nothing can be more unjust to the painter, or more irritating, and I have always put my foot down firmly and have forbidden it in my studio. How are men and women looked at by numbers of their familiars? They take their relatives close up to the window to see the exact color of the eye, or cut off a bit of hair and expect it to be matched in the portrait. They never look at form, but only at expression, and are not a little surprised sometimes to find their papa's nose really is not straight, and that one eye is considerably lower down in the face than the other.

the other.

Then we must take into consideration the ignorance of most people in matters of foreshortening of limbs, and in fact, knorance of all perspective in form. To get a portrait figure into good lines of composition it is necessary to draw him. as I have said before, from a rather low point of sight. That is why we put him on a higher platform the nour painting level. But that means reducing the size of the head above the brows and lengthening the limbs. Nothing therefore will persuade the people that the forehead is the right size. So we have to drift between those who commission us to paint them and honoring our art, for in nine cases out of ten we put the art in work for our own satisfaction without getting it appreciated, or even understood, in the full by those who are to possess the portrait. They want a good likeness, but we must interest the art-lover who does not know the subject of the portrait.

Photography, good friend that it has been to man, has brought this about, Precious little did Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney trouble themselves about likeness in their women portraits, for it they had, their Lady Hamiltons would not all have been so utterly different, indeed not recognizable for the same woman.

"AND IN A MOMENT THE GLIMMERING LIGHT WENT BOUNDING THROUGH THE your arms in constant readiness, and watch and ere long, when the fire brightened up a for me as I come back. There's no moon-no light-but so much the better for my purpose. Is he all ready, Manuelito? Let me glance at my little ones in the ambu-

me glance at my little ones in the ambu-Who can say with what love and yearn- side line of each horse and mule. All were ing the father bent over those little faces as he peered in upon them? The flickering light of the campire threw occasional "Gregg's." or an extra "pair" that he had light of the campire threw occasional "Gregg's." or an extra "pair" that he had light of the campire threw occasional "Gregg's." or an extra "pair" that he had light of the campire threw occasional "Gregg's." light of the campfire threw occasional "Gregg's," or an extra "pair" that he had glimmer over them—just enough to enable in his wagon. There was nothing out of him to see at times the contour, yet hardly the way about that after all, so Pike reto reveal the features of "his babies." He sumed his watch towards the west, where dare pot kiss for fear of waking them. "God bless and guard you, darlings." was It must have been 10.30 o'clock, Manuelito the choking prayer that fell from his lips. had slunk down by the fire, and not a sound

into saddle.

"Now, Pike," he muttered, "you've been with me in many a night bivouac and you know your orders. They never attack at night unless they know they have an abso
"When those Apaches named a horse owned and some darking and a little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of hoofs coming towards him.

"When those Apaches named a horse owned darking and a little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned ariling and a little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out on the prarie to the west, the sound of can't think o' thim sharp knives a-cutting owned and so little cropping noise among the horses. Yet Pike's quick ear caught, far out of the horses are caught. The horses are caught to the horses are caught to the horses are caught. The horse are caught to the horses are ca lutely sure thing, and they haven't—with 'click-click' they must have struck one that you three. Jim. there, can fight like a interfered, he muttered. "Now that's old tiger whenever there is need. Watch the horses. I'll be back in an hour or there'll there's not a click about his tread. 'Course darin' to mention the surprises a-keepin' fer

be reason for my staying."

poral stood there at his night post under

the stars he half regretted that he had em

But the suspected greaser seemed to con-

cided to remain where he was. He must

barked on this risky enterprise.

having used the knife at all. Haste parently doing nothing. Presently the exprompted that piece of bad judgment. He corporal saw the Mexican saunter up to

But all the same he blessed his lucky stars through the timber watching before he said

for this respite. In three minutes he had a word; yet, with the instinct of the old sol-

said the former, "but I must satisfy myself tent himself with a cursory examination of as to whether those beggars are coming the forage and baggage wagons, and pres-

this way tonight. Gregg and I have ently came slouching back to the fire again

'stalked' them many a time, and the country is all flat and open for six miles back." He had some scrap of harness in his nand, try is all flat and open for six miles back."

"No! I'm never satisfied without seeing listen for the captain. All the same he kept for myself. You and Manuelito will have vigilant watch of Manuelito's movements.

"I wish the captain would stay here and too far from his post of observation. He de-

of "stock," bending down and feeling the at her white face an' the big blue eyes with still the Apache beacon was burning.

Then, vigorous and determined, he sprang was to be heard except Jim's musical snore and a little cropping noise among the

there might be on rock instead of this soft that same Eila in almost ivery rock Three minutes more and they heard the carth. The captain's back sooner than I stairs. That visit of hers last St. Patrick's rythmic beat of "Gregg's" hoofs out on the supposed he'd come. What's up?"

open plateau and dying away westward,

Quickly, crouchingly he hurried forward

Mrs. O'Shea wiped her eyes. "It's good of

LL this time Darky whole party just to get the horses and slip Jim had been sleeping away. I'll keep my ears open to the west-soundly, wrapped in but I'll have my eyes on you." keep it up all night until they gather in all you are goin' to live with your old mammy. Oh, but it's the sweet flower you are! Shall you miss the grand doin's of the instioundly, wrapped in but I'll have my eyes on you."

come after us. This is no place to make a fight. It's all open here. But the road is feet to the fire. There found himself in a position where he could good all the way to Sunset, and once there was never an hour. "cover" three important objects. Here, I know a nook among the rocks where we close at his right hand, between him and can stow our whole outfit-where there are this lively African the lake, the horses and mules were brows- 'tanks' of fresh water in abundance and could not loil at full and peacefully and as utterly undisturbed where we can stand them off until the length, in sunshine or as though there were not an Apache within cavalry get out from Verde. Sieber said shade, and forget his a thousand miles. To his rear, about fifty he'd have them humming on our trail at cares, if cares he ever yards, were the two wagons, the little once. Tanner and Canker and Lieut. Ray cares in ever yards, were the two wagons, the little once. Tanher and Canter and Journal once. Tanher and Canter and Canter and Journal once. Tanher and Journal once. Tanher and Canter and Journal once. Tanher and Journal once. Tanher and Journal once. Tanher and Journal once. Tanh after things and that was enough for him. towards the western horizon, that black, heaving flanks. "He has had a hard run for it and more than his share of work this

In 10 minutes Black Jim. roused by viglenly buckling the harness about his mules. Irish Kate, aroused by the clatter, had poked her head from underneath the canvas to inquire what was the matter, and, at a few words from the captain, had shrunk in again stricken with fear, but obeying implicitly.

plicitly.

"Let the children sleep as long as possible.
Kate," were Gwin's orders. "The jolting
will wake them too soon. I fear, but we've
got to push ahead to Sunset Pass at once.
There are Indians 10 miles behind us."

A few minutes more and all was ready for
fight.

soon under the captain's guidance. was bumping up a little side trail. A hundred yards off the road they halted and Gwin

"Pike!" he called. "Where are you?"
No answer at all.
"Quick. Jim, give me the lantern." he called, and in a moment the glummering light went bounding down the rocky trail, back to the road.
And there the two soldiers met—Pike trotting up rapidly from the west, the captain swinging his lantern in the pass.
"Where's Manuelito?" was the fierce demand.

mand.
"Gone, sir. Gone and taken the mules with him. The wagon's back there four hundred yards up the road."
"My God! Pike. Give me your horse, quick. You stay and guard my babies."

"IT'S MESILF THAT TOLD HIM," And Brought Light to the Princess of Rafferty's Court.

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candy jar shone like silver. The min sticks stood bolt up inside them in the primmest kind of a way. Mrs. O'Shea herself sat in the cor-

cap was starched to its stiffest frill, and her gingham gown matched it. A long blue yarn stocking grew under her nimble fingers. A tinkle at

"So you be a lookin' for her abstracted air.

be takin' in every spot of dirt." "It's the feelin' you have to be kapin' verything shipshape."
I suppose it is. This bit ov a place ull e a sight different from the institution." 'Well, my heart goes out to you. Look at my Jimsey! Sittin' all day long by the windy fixin his flures and watchin' Mr.

the black lashes curlin' up like a silk fringe. and the hair ov her all brown curls, I don't know whether to cry or be thankful to think

"Well, there was wan doctor said once,

sturdy, measured, steady in the trot the some few rods, then knelt so that ne might yeu, Mrs. Flannigan," she said, "I've made

"Who comes there?"
"Capt. Gwin," was the quick answer.
"That you. Pike? By jove, man! I've come back in a hurry. Are the horses all right? I want to push right on to the Pass tonight."
"Horses all right, captain. What's the matter back there?"
"I didn't venture too far, but I went far enough to learn by my night glass and my ears that those scoundrels were having a war dance. Now the chances are they'll keep it up all night until they gather in all the renegades in the neighborhood. Then come after us. This is no place to make a fight. It's all open here. But the road is

was.

"Oh, but Mrs. O'Shea! Take th' heed o'
me! Dr. Dinnis says 1 kin have the horse
and chaise this whole afternoon to mestif—
an' Katie's the gentlest baste that iver ye
saw—and Mrs. Flannigan says Jlmsey may
go—for the doctor says I'm a good driver as
iver he is—an' blase may Ella go too?"

"I donno." said Mrs. O'Shea, dubiously.
"How do ye be comin' to have the doctor's
hoorse?"

'Know.'

"An' Tim's the tidy, careful lad ivery time, or I'd niver be lettin' Jimsey go," chimed in Mrs. Flannigan's persuasive The second of th

After that Dr. Dennis let Tim have a car-



"OH, MOTHER, I CAN SEE-ICAN SEE YOU."

tor's."
"So ye say, Tim, and it's thankful I am."
"Mrs. Dinnis says to me only this afternoon, says she, Eila must come out and stop on our farm the three weeks, says she, it's needin' the air she is."
"I'm oblized to her, Tim."
"An', says she, ask her mother if I can come fetch her the next Monday, and little dimsey. It's always some we have at

she could go, her joy was so great that her mother never voiced her refusal. mother never voiced her refusal.

She turned back sadly into the little shop when Mrs. Dennis' carriage carried Eila off on Monday. The weeks dragged by with only a letter dictated by Eila begging to stay longer. Mrs. O'Shea sighed as she read it, and then put it for safekeeping into a candy jar. But Eila staved.

"Is it lonesome, ye are?" inquired Mrs. Flannigan of Mrs. O'Shea one hot morning.

down by his side. One had add: "It's the same Jimsey."

"I've brought you this. Eila. It's every blossom there was on my heliotrope. Smell 'em! Ain't they sweet? It's all I had of me own. ye mind, so I cud give it mesilf."

"I'm afraid you robbed the bush for me," said Eila, laying the purple clusters against her face and lips and smoothing them with her finger tips. "But I'll keep them close to me, Jimsey; thank you."

"Any new songs, Eila?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, plenty. I'll come up in the morning and sing them all to you."

"It hought if you'd sing just the tinties one tonight that I'd sleep better," he said, with a wishful glance.

"Well, I will then." said Eila. Folding her hands in her lap she leaned her head against the sofa and sang:

The stars of love and peace are light

"The stars of love and peace are light."

"I've brought you this. Eila the severy they must do! It's mestiff that told that foile man I'm it's me into the dearin' me for the weepin' they must do! It's mestiff that told that foile man I'm it's me into the tother an', says he, after he sees thim, says he. Tim, it's me inty to hild Eila back to her sight, money or no money says he. So knowin' ye'd niver be consintin' to the operation and the chloryform, or ye'd be dyin' o' fright the while, he did it unbeknownst! So it's Eila that can go to be a teacher, and Jimsey's goin' to have th' beautiful braces for his ligs so that he kin walk to th' school an' git th' larnin'! An' it's mesilf that'il put up the marble monyment to the doctor whin I git to be a man! That's thrue for ye, Cushie! Whoopsy!" and the unfortunate cat, released from his grip, plunged under the lounge.

The stars of love and peace are light

memorable struggle has been written by stern of the other, the yards interlocked our distinguished countryman, Cooper, and and the muzzles of the guns of one ship from his naval experience and personal touching the side of the ether

knowledge of the principal actors he was This was the situation of affairs an hour well qualified for the task, but in a general after the opening of the engagement, but narrative of the war it was, of course, impossible to give that full account of the life several 18-pounder shot below the water of his heroes, by which alone their merits line, and was leaking badly. Lieut.-Col. De can be properly estimated.

Chamillard, commanding 20 French solcan be properly estimated. John Paul Jones, the subject of this sketch, diers stationed on the poop, left his post, died comparatively poor. Though the great- having lost some of his men by the fire of died comparatively poor. Though the greatest naval hero of the United States, he had no monument erected to his memory to refute the stigma cast upon his character by those who denounced his brave deeds as acts of "piracy." History has redeemed his name from the ignominy thrown upon it by the English, who owed it to themselves to the English, who owed it to themselves to the English, who owed it to themselves to the English who owed it to themselves to the English who owed it to the English. The battery of 12-pounders, manned by American seamen and French volunteers, and commanded by Lieut. Dale and Col. Weibert, was the chief reliance of the American commander, but this was silenced and abandoned. Six

THE HOISTED THE FLAG OF INDEPENDENT AMERICA WITH HIS OWN HANDS.

acknowledge his bravery and chivalry.

18-pounders, composing the lower gun-deck | I sacredly guard these earliest touches on Cooper has paid Paul Jones a handsome battery, proved to be of no use, two out of my own canvas. If I possibly can avoid the first fire and billing ribute by making him the hero of his three bursting at the first fire and killing helphated novel "The Pilot" which will nearly all of their crews. This left but two celebrated novel, "The Pilot," live to all time. The deeds of Paul Jones will be read in centuries to come by those who take pride in their country and desire who take pride in their country and desire mainder of the action. Purser Mease, who who take pride in their country and desire to know more of those who laid the foundations of the republic. It would be impossible to give a full account of the life of Paul Jones in an article of this kind, for it would require a large volume to chronicle all that he achieved, and as time rolls on and require a large volume to chronicle all that he achieved, and as time rolls on and

require a large volume to chronicle all that he achieved, and as time rolls on and future historians delve into the archives of England, France and America there will doubtless be glorious deeds brought to light of which we know nothing.

In 1775, when it was evident that there was no possibility of keeping up relations with the mother country, Paul Jones permanently identified himself with the colonies. "With deep interest he had watched the progress of these political events which were to decide the fate of h s adopted country; and when an open resistance was made to the dominion of Britain, he could no longer remain an inactive spectator. Having only just completed his 28th year, he was full of bodily vigor and of mental skill would qualify him to be a distinguished. skill would qualify him to be a distinguished determined negative" to his demand to know if he surrendered, Jones fiercely conasserter of the rights of the colonists. He



"THE WIND BROUGHT THE TWO SHIPS SQUARE ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER."

board that vessel, before Philadelphia, he two flagships, but at 9.30 the Alliance came

ly seed that she will be and that yease), before Philadelphia he contained in a halling fashion, the contained in the seed of the seed of

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When I painted Lord Tennyson, he accept ed that necessity, and put it in an amusing form, which I have always recollected "You are king." he said, "I am only your

full top-light, and I dissipate the heavy shadows and hard lines by the side lighting in my mind the attitude in which he shall be taken. The other day a man who was to sit to me went into a print shop and looked over 150 proofs of engravings seeking for a becoming position. He found one which he liked at last, and proposed to adopt it; it

you will sooner or later find the best illustration of himself on his face.

to go further at the opening of the work. It is important that the sittler should be so For that purpose all painters use a throne 18 inches higher than the floor. This low sight enables one to get nobler and more artistic lines into the composition, but it must not be pushed too far. If the sitter is oo high, the painter foreshortens the head The work only becomes characteristic at the second sitting. Nothing so clearly illustrates a man's method of work as the way

the work ever equals the quality of the first touch of color upon a fresh white canvas.

cast or quality.

The background, indeed! I remember Millais once saying to me in a frenzy of despair, "That's the tenth background I've had in that portrait, and now it isn't right."

Then we must take into consideration the

An Incident in a Lawyer's Life.

By GEORGE McKENZIE, 2d.

I was sitting alone in my office at the close of a warm August day, leaning back in my comfortable arm-chair, and watching with careless eyes the throngs of people on a hasty "Good night," I dismissed "Willie the busy street below; for in Boston's nar- Putnam." hastily locked the door, and row streets, at the hour of home-going, sinking into my chair endeavored to piece trowds are of no infrequent occurrence.

even on a sultry August day. I delayed leaving the office longer than It all seemed so unreal that only the bit of was my habit, and was now resting from time-worn paper in my hand prevented my what had been a busy day before starting thinking the whole a dream. I already but to take the cars for Brookline. Yes, it had indeed been a busy day with me! And not alone this day, but the past week, and I inite information from him, and thinking I the past months had been busy in their | might recall him, I stepped to the window turn. In fact, I felt myself on the high road and looked out upon the lessening crowds. to prosperity, and already knew my name was spoken of among my elders as that of one of the city's rising young lawyers.

It is not strange that I was not a little proud of my reputation, and ambitious for again to the note which lay on my desk. yet greater things. But I could remember, and this without difficulty, when my condition had been vastly different; when I had speedy advancement. Looking still farther letter bearing date June 1, '19," sudback I remembered, with a smile, how denly seemed to impress themselves strenuously I had objected to the study of the law, being convinced, as I then thought. Seek, with a half-formed the law as called upon to be a creation.

man of your age should lend himself to such a silly and palpable hoax as is this. You do dishonor to your gray hair and reverend appearance by becoming the tool, the messenger, of those who desire to perpetrate,

for some unknown reason, a practical joke upon me. What object—" but I was here stopped by the expression upon the stranger's face, an expression of such entire incomprehension of my words that I was instantly convinced that the mystery was deeper than I had thought, and that whatever its solution might me, he was wholly innocent in the matter. Noticing my abrupt pause, he seemed to find courage to

'Surely, sir. I am unable to understand what you would wish. I am sorry if I have done wrong, sir, in any way. I took your note to Mr. Blunt and returned as soon as I could. Is there anything further

Was the man a lunatic? The question crossed my mind like a flash, but a glance at his calm face and clear eyes, albeit a trifle childisn in their expression, assured me of my error, and I knew that I was in the presence of one as sane as myself. I could not help, however, in my perplexity, blurting out the question: "Well, who the dickens are you, anyway, sir?"

This evidently startled the old man, for he gazed anxiously at me for a moment, and then said in his slow, halting tones, Why, sir, Iam Willie Putnam, your errand boy, sir. Aren't you feeling well, sir?" Unmindful of the real sympathy ex-

pressed in his question, my ear caught only

My errand boy! This was certainly the last answer I had together the events of the preceding five minutes. But I could make nothing of it. thinking the whole a dream. I already blamed myself for so abruptly sending the A tall form, with a cocked hat and a faded blue coat, was just turning the corner by

But in vain did I rack my brains to discover any reasonable, or unreasonable, explanation, and I was about to dismiss the been a struggling and hard-worked law whole matter as of too little importance to student, with little prospect of much or trouble me, when the words, "Your the law, being convinced, as I then thought, that I was called upon to be a great and successful sea captain.

But it was the cherished wish of my father, a patient, self-sacrificing and poorly paid physician in a country vil age not far from Boston, that I should take up the profession in which his father had by unremitting toil acquired a small competency and a name. So, flinging my ocean longings to the winds, whence they never returned to trouble me, I accepted with rather poor grace the money which my father, I know now, could ill afford, and after passing through Williams College, where my

The state of the s

A Story of Egyptian Israelitish Life.

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN

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CHAPTER XXIV.-CONTINUED. In obedience to Joshua's call the liberated throng at length made their way out to the light of day. Wild and harsh indeed were their shouts. mingling with the clatter of the chains they dragged behind them. And the most hard-hearted among the Hebrews.

when they saw this troop of despairing wretches in the broad sunshine, shrank from the sight.

With a yell and a shrick for which there is no name, and which no words could describe, they tore themselves away from the men who were trying to remove their chains, and without a word or a sign of mutual agreement, rushed with a common instinct, heedless of their metal bonds, on the helpless wretches. Before the Hebrews could stay them each feil on the one who had treated him most cruelly; and here a famished creature gripped the foe who had been his master by the throat, while there a herd of women, stripped of all clothing and horribly distigured by wantand neglect, flew at the man who had most brutally insulted, beaten and injured them, and wreaked their long-repressed fury with tooth and nail.

But it was Joshua who had disarmed the tyrants; they were therefore under his protection. He ordered his men to separate the tryants; they were therefore under his protection. He ordered his men to separate the scenes which followed stamped themselves on Miriam's memory as a series of horrible and disconnected, but never-to-be-forgotten images. First, the Amalekite chief who had bound her was a strange but heroic figure. With swathy skin and high looked nose, he resembled an eagle of his native mountains; is beard was black, his eyes were aftame. But ere long he was to measure his strength with a lon, but never had he seemed more like the king of the desert. They were both mighty men and strong. No one could have predicted which of themselves on Miriam's memory as a series of horrible and the scenes of horrible and lisconnected, but never-to-be-forgotten images.

First, the Amalekite chief who had bound her was a strange but heroic figure. With swathy skin and high looked nose, he resembled an eagle of his native mountains; is beard was black, his eyes were aftame. But ere long he was to measure hisstrength with a lon, but never had her seemed more like the king of the desert. They were both mighty be nearly skined him th

and the property of the second street.

With respect, your obedient servant,

Gambles Bluxt.

To George McKende. Eq., School street.

My first thought was wholly one of working the second street.

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winged feet, and beheld a spectacle which filled even the unflinching man with terror, for, on the left of the large room it formed. Hebrews and Amalekites were rolling on the blood-stained mats in a furious struggle, while on the right he caw Miriam and her waiting women, whose hands the men of the desert had tied. The men had meant to carry them off as precious plunder, but an Amalekite woman. Frenzied with hatred revenge and jealeusy, and eager to sucrifice the strange woman to the flames, was blowing the brands on the hearth, and, by waving the veil she had snatched from Miriam's head, had fanned them to a considerable blaze.

A fearful tumult filled the confined space as Joshua rushed into the tent; on one side the veils of the struggling men, while on the other the prophetess' women set up as succession of loud shrieks for rescue and deliverance as soon as they saw him coming. Their mistress, as paile as death, knelt at the fest of the Amalekite chief, whose wife was at the attening them with death by fire. She stared at their deliverer as though a spirith and started out of the carth telofre her eves, and the scenes which followed stamped them seven and the scenes which followed stamped them seven which

tyrants; they were therefore under his protection. He ordered his men to separate the combatants, and if possible without bloodshed. This was no easy matter, and many a fresh deed of horror was inevitable.

When at length the disarmed soldiers and guards set forth on their homeward way, the driver who had brought Joshua and his fellow-prisoners to the mines went up to old Nun and his son with a crestfallen air and begged to be allowed to remain with them; for no good could be in store for him at home, and in all Egypt there was no god so mighty as their God.

Joshua gladly consented to his joining himself to them, and it was found that there were 15 Hebrew prisoners, among them, to Ebhraim's great joy. Reuben, the husband of Miriam's devoted and heartbroken ally, Milcah.

The Hebrews set forth in high spirits, and on their march through the refreshing night Ephraim and Nun related to Joshua and wounded men, among them several of her husband's slaves. By them, stalwart the blood fowing from her champion's shoulder.

He blood fowing from her champion's shoulder.

Sut then her heart began to beat again, nay, and faster than ever before, for suddenly the lion-hearted warrior, whom she had solately hated with such hatred, was one more, as by a miracle, the friend of her childhood again. Love had waked up with the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that the sound of trumpets and cymbals and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that the sound of trumpets and cymbals and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that the sound of trumpets and cymbals and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that the sound of trumpets and cymbals and marched in triumph into her childhood again. Love had waked up with the sound of trumpets and cymbals and marc

Joshua's men were too much exhausted for it to be possible to lead them any further at this moment. He himself had lost some blood from several slight wounds and the great exertions of the last few days had made their mark even on his iron framd. at this moment. He himself had lost some blood from several slight wounds and the great exertions of the last few days had made their mark even on his iron framd.

Besides this, the sun, which had not long risen when the strife began, was already sinking to rest, and if they were to force their way through to the oasis it would not be advisable to do battle in the dark. What he and, even more, his brave followers, most needed was rest till the next day's dawn.

In the camp Joshua found all astir. Fires were blazing in front of the tents, and around them sat joyful groups, while many a beast was slain, either as a thank-offering or for an evening feast. Wherever Joshua went he was hailed with glad acclamations; but he failed to find his lather, for Nun had accepted Hur's bidding, and it was outside his teat that the son embraced the old man, radiant with thankful pride. And the belated guest was welcomed by Miriam and her husband in a way which gladdened his heart; Hur gave him his hand with hearty frankness, while she bowed reverently before him, and her eyes beamed with joy and gratitude.

Before he sat down Hur led him aside, ordered a slave who had just slaughtered a calf to divide it in two parts, and, pointing "You have done great things for the peo-

he would be too late with the reply. Another long disappearance, passed by the mother long disappearance, has been dead from the earn passed by the mother long disappearance and now, strangely enough, by that master's additives the letter. Here is the whole mather in a nutshell. "Improvable."

"Improvable...

"Improvable.

should not be turned fast, but the speed should be increased as the cream grows hard.

When the cream is finished, carefully wipe the bits of ice and salt from cover of the can, and remove the cover without displacing the can. Take out the beater, scraping the cream from it, and work down the cream to fill up the spaces, Replace the cover, putting a cork into the hole and set the freezer away for awhile, being careful to keep in a cool place with the can covered with ice and a piece of carpet or blanket thrown over it.

To mould the ice cream have moulds ready and extra salt and ice. Put cream into the moulds and work up and down in it a heavy iron spoon, till all is packed firmly, with no spaces, if the moulds are to stand in ice for some time, a strip of cloth dipped in melted butter or mutten suet put around outside the mould will seal up the opening and prevent any water getting into the cream.

Baked Fillets of Halibut, Cream

Wipe and trim. Season with salt and pepper. Roll in crumbs, egg crumbs and fry in

Hollandaise Sauce.

Cream, half cup butter, add the yolks of two raw eggs. juice of half lemon, one saltspoonful salt and a few grains of cayenne. When ready to serve

A Woman Should Never Stand Di · rectly Under a Light.

(New York Sun.) "No woman past 20 who has any regard for her looks at night should allow a light to fall on her from above," said a society woman recently; "it should come only from woman recently: It should come only from the sides, and level with the face. Why? See here." She turned up the light that overhung the table in the centre of her library and stood directly underneath it. On the instant the lines in her face sharpened, there were hollows in her face sharpened, there were hollows in her cheeks, she looked 10 years older and almost ugly.

"You see," she said, "how my face is changed. The light coming from above throws shadows downward on the face, bringing out the lines sharply and showing any absence of the round curves that make the beauty of a woman's face. With the light coming from the side the shadows are not thrown on the face, and the outline is softened instead of sharpened. If these lights are shaded as well, the pleasing effect is heightened.

"But the prettiest and most becoming effect is produced when the light comes from away below the level of the face. I know one clever woman who, whenever it was possible, used a wood fire as the only means of illumination in her drawing-room, and who when she wished to look her most captivating would stand at the corner of the mantelpiece, with her little foot on the fender and the firelight playing upward from the hem of her skirt to the topmost coil of brown braids.

"She was not a pretty woman, except in the sides, and level with the face.

brown braids.

"She was not a pretty woman. except in an occasional happy moment, but she came very near to it sometimes as she stood before her drawing-room fire, and it is not to be wordered that the property of these occasions. be wondered at that on one of these occa-sions the man she had loved for years asked her to make him the happiest of men."

> A Great Guesser. [New York Journal,]

Frank Gibbons, who died recently at Hibernia, N. Y., was the greatest guesser of the age. His faculty was first developed in the age. His faculty was first developed in a homely way, and did not attract a great deal of attention. It became a recognized characteristic when the boy would stand at the end of a row of potatoes and guess with singularly close approaches to accuracy how many of the vegetables would be found in each hill. He could guess the number of eggs in a basket, the quantity of milk in a pail, the number of stocks of wood in a load, how many bushels of corn would be husked from a patch, and in a hundred instances he guessed within one or two how many grains of corn there were on an ear.

He Felt Relieved. [San Francisco Wasp.] Young lady (badly frightened) - Oh, George (ditto)—Where? Where?
Young lady—Hear him stepping along
the hall in his stocking feet.
George (greatly relieved)—Be calm, darling, be calm. George is not afraid of stocking feet.

Cream, Fig Pudding.

Cream, Fig Pudding.

"For a wonder a pleasant Wednesday," said the Boston Cooking School devotees to each other this morning. A pleasant day, truly, and a most interesting lesson explaining all the mysteries of sauces, the intricacies of preparing chops and the virtues of fish carbonade, together with the method of making a delicious fix pudding.

Carbanade of Halibut. said the Boston Cooking School devotees to each other this morning. A pleasant day, the proceeded with caution, for the mant of the stricken Amalekites might surking in ambush. But there was no to be seen or heard; and the only traces if Hebrews found of the sons of the desertant their thirst for revence were their med houses, the fine palms felled and one, and the garden-ground destroyed. The check the advance of the Hebrew mulande; and when this task was done, shua went down through a defile leading the brook in the valley, and up the nearst boulder of the mountain, to look about im, far and near, for the enemy.

The mountain path led over masses of ranite veined with green diorite, rising teeply till it ended high above the plain of he casis, at a plateau, where, by a clear pring, green shrubs of delicate mountain lowers graced the wilderness.

Here he paused to rest, and, looking around, he discerned in the shadow of an overhanging rock a tall figure gazing at the ground.

It was Moses.

The course of his reflections had so com-

Use a French chop for breading; this dif-fers from the loip chops only in being trimmed off half-way from the end, the bone being scraped clean. Chops are the most expensive meat we have.

by rapt him from his present surround-that he did not perceive Joshua's ap-th, and the warrior reverently kept be for fear of disturbing the man of waiting patiently till he raised his led face, and greeted him with dignity

by side they gazed down into the

of wine, or vanilla may be used instead, or the sauce may be divided, and half flavored with each. Do not cook, but in cold weather the sauce may be set over a dish of warm water to warm the butter enough to make the sauce smooth. When made right it will not curdle, and will be like thick, velvety cream. The sauce will not curdle if the cream and wine are added very slowly.

Soubise Sauce. Boil 1 pint onions, sliced, 30 minutes drain; add ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter; cover and stew slowly 1 hour; rub through a sieve; add ½ cup white stock, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 saltspoon pepper; melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and add to the onions. Cook 5 minutes. ook 5 minutes. This sauce is nice with mutton or pork, or

MISS PARLOA'S LECTURE. Fillets of Halibut Baked in Cream

Sauce, Parsley Butter and Potato

The fourth lecture in Miss Parloa's course in cooking at Apollo Hall, Chickering

it can be served as a side dish

Balls, Etc.

building, was given Wednesday, and the following dishes were made: Caramel Ice Cream. Make a foundation as for any ice cream. Take 1 generous pint of milk, 1 cupful of Take I generous pint of milk, I cupful of sugar. ½ a cup of flour, scant, 2 eggs, I quart of cream and another cupful of sugar. Put on the milk and let it come to a boil. Beat the first cupful of sugar, the flour and eggs together till very light and stir into the boiling milk. If pastry flour is used, as it should be for this dish, use a scant half cup as directed. If one of the new process flours is used, less flour is required, as they thicken more quickly. Of any of the latter use a scant third of a cupful.

any of the latter use a scant third of a cupful.

Be sure the milk is boiling when the thickening mixture is poured in. The cooking is important, as the flour must be cooked till it is sweet, and must lose all the raw flour taste. Cook 20 minutes, stirring often. Meanwhile, for the caramel ice cream, put the second cupful of sugar in a small frying pan and stir over the fire until the sugar turns liquid and begins to smoke. The bubbles should come from the bottom of the pan, and the sugar should smoke all over. Then remove instantly and pour into the boiling cream mixture. A large saucepan should be used in making this for the cream part, for when the caramel is poured into the milk the whole will bubble up furieusly and fill a large saucepan.

The sugar should be put on to cook when the milk is set on to boil, and it may be added to the cream when the caramel is cooked for the necessary 20 minutes take off and set away to cool.

Just before freezing add a quart of cream to the mixture.

coats the mould. Pour into this mould, set in a pan of warm water a French Breaded and Loin

Chops.

Coast the mould. Pour into this mould, set in a pan of warm water a thick custard mixture and bake. Or rice may be baked in the mould, and when all is turned out the mould of rice or custard will be found coated with the delicious brown caramel.

A rice-caramel pudding, with a soft custard sauce, makes a delicious combination.

Baked Fillets of Halibut, Cream

Sauce.

and then cut them into narrow strips. Cut a large onion into thin slices and spread

over the fish. Now sprinkle with the juice

of half a lemon and season slightly with

parsley and serve at once

the surface.

Broiling Steak.

Parsley Butter.

Potato Balls.

Escalloped Oysters.

A Historical Sickle

SUBSCRIBE Directions for Freezing. TO A MAGAZINE, Break ice into pieces about as big as a pint bowl, and then put into a canvas bag and pound until the size of birds' eggs or and pound until the size of birds' eggs or emirely crushed. Adjust in the freezer the can containing the liquid; pack around the can a layer of ice five inches deep. Sprinkle this freely with rock salt. Continue putting in these alternate layers of ice and salt until the can is full, pounding the packing with a paddle

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> No publication will be sent for less timy, than one year, and no order for a publication will ba accepted unless it includes a yearly sub scription

to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. and left stand an now, then remove the onion.

Have half a cup of butter washed free from salt. Put half of this quantity into a frying-pan, and when it has become hot put in enough fish to cover the bottom of the pan. Cook for three minutes on one side and then turn and cook on the other, being careful in turning not to break the pieces. Take up fish and place in a gratin dish or stone china platter, leaving an open space in the cen-\$2.00 \$2.60 \$2.00 \$2.60 \$2.50 \$2.50 \$2.50 \$1.25 \$3.50 \$1.25 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$3.00 \$3.85 \$1.00 \$1.60 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$3.00 \$3.80 \$2.00 \$2.30 \$1.50 \$2.10 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$3.00 \$3.80 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.30 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 \$4.00 Arthur's Home Magazine \$2.00 Atlanta Constitution, Weekly 1.00 American Machinist..... Agents' Herald .. American Rural Home. Andover Review..... American Dairyman (new subs)... Art Interchange Magazine..... American Poultry Journal..... Atlantic Monthly American Art Journal. American Garden. American Agriculturist nd strain.

Pour the sauce over the fish and place in Art Amateur Army&Navy Journal (onlynew subs) 6.00 the oven for 12 minutes.

Boil a quart of potato balls in clear water for 12 minutes; drain the water off and season with salt, pepper and butter. Put balls in centre of dish and sprinkle a table-spoonful of chopped parsley over them. Garnish the sides of the dish with sprigs of parsley and serve at once. Book Buyer.... Banner Weekly. Burlinglon Hawkeye....... Ballou's Magazine..... Bee-keeper's Magazine. Babyland A steak or chop properly broiled should Boston Medical Journal Boston Medical and Surgical Journal 5.00 Christian Leader Cleveland Weekly Plaindealer ... Congregationalist Cincinnati Weekly Times ... entury Magazine Cassell's Magazine of Art.... Family Magazine..... Country Gentleman Christian Herald. ourier-Journal (Weekly). hautauqua Young Polks Journal ... Decorator and Furnisher . . nowest's Magazine, without prem. 2.00 Donahoe's Magazine 2.00
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explain the part taken by this sickle in the thrilling Indian warfare of the early history of the State:

"This sickle was broken in combat with Indians and presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord, 1890, by George Locke of Manchester. N. H., the grandson of William Locke, who was the great-grandson of Capt John Locke. This is the instrument with which Capt John Locke fought his last battle against eight Indians, who ambushed themselves in his field on Joselyn's Neck in Rye, now known as Straw's Point. The Budians came upon and killed him Aug. 26, 1690, he being 70 years old."

Auother accountsays a boy was with him, who secreted himself under bundles of grain and escaped. Capt. Locke, after being shot, partially cut off the nose of an Indian with his sickle. This sickle was kept in the family of William Locke, the fourth son of Capt. Locke. Afterwards it fell into the possession of William, the great-grandson of Capt. Locke. This great-grandson removed from Rye to Epsem in 1780, thence to Alexandria in 1808. George Locke, who has lived for many years in this city, has never shown the sickle to any one, and it was not until friends convinced him of its great value that he thought of presenting it to the historical society.

[Good Housekeeping.] An easy way to spoil the evening meal is

for each member to tell the sad tale of all that has gone wrong during the day. To mention the disappointments and vexations, to tell of the slights that were endured and the offences that were given, and to lament over the results of this infelicitous combination of affairs, is enough to counteract the refreshing effect of all the good things with which the most generous and skilful housewife can load the table. Better put this combaining off until some other that has gone wrong during the day. To to the mixture.

A caramel sauce for rice or custard pudding should not be cooked till bubbling all over, but should be taken off just before that stage. A nice way is to pour a little of the caramel into the mould, turn the mould around rapidly, till the caramel row night, if we let them alone.

have a thin, well-browned crust. Beyond this crust the meat should be red and juicy, outside so as to keep in all the juices. To broil properly there must be a bed of To broil properly there must be a bed of clear coals. Place meat in double boiler, hold near the clear coals for about one minute, then turn and cook on the other side. Do this till the meat is well seared on the outside, which will take about four minutes. Now lift the broiler a few inches from the fire and keep the broiler turning constantly till done. A thick steak will take 10 minutes to cook.

Just before putting over the fire sprinkle the steak with salt and pepper, if liked, and then dredge lightly with flour. In dredging hold the broiler and steak up in an almost perpendicular position, then the steak will get a light dusting of the flour and not enough to make a thick paste. Nrap a towel about the hand to prevent whap a towel about the hand to prevent betroit Free Press its being burned.

The constant turning prevents the fat from falling into the fire and making a blaze. Serve on a hot dish, seasoned with butter (never melted).

Fireside Companio teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teapoonful of pepper. Beat these ingredients into the butter, and it will be ready for use It is nice to spread on fried or broiled fish, and also over potato balls. When intended for the latter, however, half a tablespoonful of lemon juice will be enough. With a vegetable scoop cut a quart of balls out of raw potatoes and put them into cold water. A quarter of an hour before serving Harper's Magazine
Harper's Weekly time put them into a saucepan with boiling utes. After pouring off the water, dredge the balls with salt, and let them stand on the back part of the range to dry off. Home and Farm.....
 Home and Farm
 .50

 Household
 1.10

 Home Decorator
 2.00
 For a dish that holds three pints, generous measure, use one solid quart of oysters, 1.00 spoonfuls and a half of butter, one tea-spoonful and a half of salt, and one-third of spoonful and a half of salt, and one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Put one-third of the oysters in the bottom of the dish, taking them up with a fork, that there may not be too much liquor—as there would be if a spoon were used. Sprinkle half a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of the pepper on these. Now dot with one tablespoonful of the butter. Spread a generous half cupful of the cracker crumbs over this. Now spread the remainder of the oysters on the cracker crumbs, taking them up as before, with the fork. Sprinkle with the rest of the salt and pepper, and dot with a tablespoonful and a half of butter. Spread the remainder of the cracker over these cysters. Now dot with a tablespoonful of butter and sprinkle 1.00 Iowa Homestead
Irish World.
Journal of Microscopy..... Ladies' World (no premium)..... Life (humorons weekly)..... 5.00 Lippincott's Magazine....Littell's Living Age.... 8.00 Magazine American History ... + .. Mining Record ... 3.00 and a hair of butter. Spread the remainder of the cracker over these cysters. Now dot with a tablespoonful of butter and sprinkle with the oyster liquor. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. If the flavor be liked, a slight grating of nutmeg and a gill of wine may be added to this dish. North American Review .. Nation.....
N. Y. Fashion Bazar.... 3.00 3.00 N. Y. Ledger N. Y. Weekly Post 1.00 There will be placed on exhibition in Con N. Y. Weekly World..... ord in a few days, at the effice of William N. Y. Weekly Sun N. Y. Weekly Harald N. Y. Weekly N. 1.00 sickle which has been in the possession of the descendants of Capt. John Locke for nearly 200 years. On account of its great value as a relic George Locke of this city, in whose family it had been kept for many years, has had it mounted in a handsome oak case, together with a portrait of his grandfather. William Locke, who was the grandson of Capt. Locke, and will present it to the New Hampshire Historical Society. The following description will explain the part taken by this sickle in the thrilling Indian warfare of the early history of the State: 3.00 New York Witness 1.00 Our Little Men and Women ... 1.00 Phrenological Journal, without pre. 2.00 Prairie Farmer ... 2.00 Peterson's Lady's Magazine Popular Science Monthly..... 1.00 3.00 1.00 Philadelphia Medical Times..... Philadelphia Practical Farmer.... Rideout's Magazine..... Rural New Yorker .. 2.50 Scientific American 3.00 (with supplement)
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NOVEL DICE TRICK.

a Little Money.

Several young men were in a South End resort last evening shaking for the drinks debut of the present century. It was ferred to as "representing at least \$400. man who is reckoned as one of the coming lights of the political arena, said: "Let me

"Where is that dice now?" he asked one of the men standing about.

"On top of the box, of course," was the reply, "that is, if you haven't shifted it since you put the hat down."

"I have not." said the young politician, and he lifted the hat again and sure enough, there sat the dice on the box, just sait had been before.

the man who had been questioned. "You saw it there, did you?"

it's a very simple catch." said the win-

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WHEN TO MARRY. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,

Old time is still a-flying. HERRICK's familiar lines have served many purposes, but never were they more

appropriate than when applied to the times over, and a New Story, question, "When to Marry," so thoroughly the 99th year, each decade of the century dren before they were born?" "Green Goods," located in New discussed in last week's issue of The GLOBE. . The almost universal decision of the learned ladies of the capital was that 25 in the Looking Glass" than to the daily these later days. Revision of the old and years was the proper age at which a woman affairs of sensible people. The argument restatement of the new are a necessary part

be a bride, but she may not choose her bridegroom, since she "should be woo'd, will calmly wait a half-dozen years for a zero mile! girl, and if he do not, has she any cer-

The statement that "the two or three years after a girl leaves school are the happiest in her life" should be received with a vast deal of qualification. Almost invariably those years are a time of uncer tainty and vague unrest. The world and its conventionalities have taken slight hold "Shall I marry?" but "Whom shall I value as many others that are there. asked of the infinite, as unconscious as her The Weekly Globe gives the mother Nature, be crushed with the rude Largest Commission to agents word "Watt?" That may be the advice of lished by the bureau. matrons, but as Mrs. HARRISON'S naive

> maiden to take it. Nature and society are forever at war, but worked from 152 to 262 days, cornice makthe odds are vastly in favor of the great ers from 182 to 230, painters from 104 to

> > CLARA P. Boss.

WHEN WILL THE TWENTIETH CEN-TURY BEGIN ?

to determine when a century begins. As a showings. matter of fact, the question has long been a Now these are the vital facts in the case consternation in Europe. A party claiming to be a tray- subject of vehement controversy; and it is which it is for the interest of labor to bring In that tremendously overcrowded conelling agent of The Globe, and signing his name "C. G. Dowtwo opposing camps will ever be reconciled to face with the cold and too often obnoxas thick as are counties in Texas, a cry of out anger: "Yes, and you'll be a great catch

appeared in different sec- Will Jan. 1, A. D., 1900, be the be- of our laboring people, whose material con- a crowded theatre. And Europe is such a carrying on in the open street?" of the twentieth century. doubtless will appear else- or will Jan. 1, 1901? This question duty of all parties to strive to the utmost to is obliged to transform the best part of its enthusiasm for his where. He is not an agent of has recently been broached in Boston; and improve. The Weekly Globe, and will be the prospect is that the battle will rage until the contestants desist through sheer of statistics like these, can judge better of til the contestants desist through sheer of statistics like these, can judge better of the demands of labor for a fairer share than much more frequent than actual fights. It doesn't touch the two parties, and is getting quite warm in at can without its help. the discussion. The students have, for a week or more, been arguing the pros and cons, with many appeals to weighty authorithes and much clashing of theories. The ing species of "Americanisms" which are in which war is not believed imminent. I saw a hastily question has now been formally submitted made the subject of a deal of satire on the most learned historians in large causing barbarity of war, and no contest of arms most height. Before I could repeat my de-

America: "Will 1900, or 1901, be the first not a few reproachful remarks at home. agricultural Monthly. Every issue verdict will be are freely offered and taken. much money is represented on certain nota-But the dictum of the most learned of ble occasions. For instance, the New York densed paragraphs, more useful and professors could never settle the dispute, Sun, in describing a brutal cocking main practical information for the farmer for each side will always continue to ad- last Friday, remarks by way of introduction than several issues of any other agri- vance arguments of such force and co- that "twenty men who were here representgency as will convince themselves, if not ed a combined capital of \$2,000,000." their opponents. One of the noticeable At a fashionable wedding in the West the things about the controversy is the fact other day, almost the first sentence in the

that every person is apt to take one side or story was: "That little group in front of the other from the outset, and hold it with the altar represented at least \$20,000,000. a tenacity that opposition only increases to At a wealthy funeral in New York, we bitterness. The question appears simple were recently told that "\$60,000,000 stood enough to each who considers it, and he is around the bier." A Young Politician Manages to Win honestly amazed at the obtuseness of people In reporting a case of simple justice that who persist in seeing the other side of it. | was made the matter of a petition recently

when suddenly one of the fellows, a young taken up in speeches, in newspaper 000,000." articles, in pamphlets, and even in This habit of measuring all public events. It was handed over to him, and taking out four of the five dice which were in it he handed them to the barkeeper, and turning the box on end he placed the remaining. stinacy of the other side with wondering satire of observers abroad, and of highseorn. A canny Scotchman, one Andrew minded people everywhere. "Where is that dice now?" he asked one Mackay, published in the year 1800 a little The rich, as a class, do not deserve these book entitled "The Commencement of the insinuations, and the masses of the people Nineteenth Century Determined Upon Un- are not edified by reading them, while they erring Principles," in which he undertook cause us to be commented upon abroad unto settle the whole question with ponderous justly as a nation of mere money-worshipconclusiveness. But he only succeeded in pers. as it had been before.

He sat the hat down again and took his getting himself involved in a glorious hands away from it, while he asked the same question he had in the first instance. "On top of the box, of course." repeated nology and sarcasm. He asserts that the nineteenth century begins with the begin- some "mighty interesting" reading for the

"Certainly."
"Would you bet that it is on the top of the that the other side has a leg to stand on.
"Of course I would."

ning of the year 1800; and he will not admit general public, considering the that it is on the top of the that the other side has a leg to stand on.
Astronomers, he tells us, reckon the year

Astronomers, he tells us, reckon the year ning of the year 1800; and he will not admit general public, considering the times we are all living in. It has in hand the report of the committee on the revision of all these elaborate treeparations.

The struct he committee on the revision of all t "'Of course I would."
"'If bet you a dollar that it isn't where you say it is."
"All right," and the men put up their lows, as a matter of course, that the 18th 1199 ministers, representing 177,270 "All right." and the men put up their money.

The first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the first man lifted the hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" the won. There is the dice and the young politician. "When you come to think of it, wouldn't it be rather a difficult task to set up a dice on the top of a dice-box, when there is only a very narrow edge to set it on. If you will look carefully, you will see that that dice is resting on the bottom of the box. Instead of the top. I guess the money is mine, Mr. Stakeholder."

"That's so." exclaimed the young politician. "When you come to think of it, wouldn't it be rather a difficult task to set up a dice on the top of a dice-box, when there is only a very narrow edge to set it on. If you will look carefully, you will see that that dice is resting on the bottom of the box. Instead of the top. I guess the money is mine, Mr. Stakeholder."

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0 to 1. Those, on the contrary, who contrary, who contrary is than Jesus in Calvinism; but if you turn In Portugal peers and deputies receive but that atom of time, if I may be He evidently esteemed the doctrine of completion of the 1800th year from stone of his religious faith, and quoted no lin Denmark members of both houses receive \$3.75 a day during the session. In France senators and deputies are paid \$1780 per annum, and the same rate obtains in Austria.

In Belgium each member of the Chamber of the Chamber aside because it stated that the crime was been sent to a railway station to be for-

but the end of them. When a man says he going!" is 30 he does not mean that he is in his | Dr. Schaff, having been thus personally miles?"

round out his first century at the be afraid for our salvation." must close with its ninth year; so that each would have to show that it is customary are only human, at best. for carpenters to call the first inch on a and was not made to woo." It is not rule the zero inch, and for travellers to likely that a lover who is ready to marry speak of the first mile of a journey as the

The question is to be recommended to tainty that when the prescribed years are those who like to enter upon a wexed contropassed a lover will be ready to claim her versy, with a chance on both sides for spicy rejoinders and a certain glow of personal

earnestness.

A. W. CUMMINGS.

LABOR STATISTICS IN THE NEW CENSUS.

Some things are proposed for the next national census that have hitherto bad no upon her; she has not yet begun to ask, place there, but are of as much interest and | England will give a similar excuse for fur-For example, the American Federation of

Labor advises that the census about to be and cast long looks adown the street, up to bureau of labor statistics of New York State every other country. Under profession of the sky, everywhere? It is a question would go further and find out, without going through the census forms, the numbreath, as innocent as a bird's call, as ber of hours in the year during which the pathetic as the longings of the universe. workmen of the State are regularly em-Shall all this, a girl's dowry from her ployed. It is believed that it would prove to be the most acceptable report yet pub-

It would clearly assist in getting at the confession showed, they need expect no average wages received in the various recognized industries. The State reports As regards the physical effects of early received last year from a number of trades,

> Employers of bricklayers, for instance, layers, to illustrate, in the city of New York nominally received \$4 a day, by reason of

The great community, in the illumination

AN OFFENSIVE AMERICANISM.

year of the twentieth century?" His de- Of these none are, perhaps, more discredcision is still pending. Bets as to what his | itable to us than the fashion of telling how | of peaceful settlement has been exhausted.

The same controversy accompanied the in Philadelphia, the petitioners were re-

SOME HUMORS OF THEOLOGY.

firm this hypothesis, as marking not the old confession, and mutilate it as this rewhole space of their respective measures, port does, you won't know where you are

since his birth. This is proven also from his commentary, for being a Calvinist, that milestones. Would it not be ridiculous to gentleman and divine retorted in this wise: say, when I arrive at the milestone marked "Whatever I may have written or printed 100, that I must proceed to another stone in my commentary, I have never believed and walk 101 miles before I complete 100 that the Bible taught the predestination of Hew to Tell Whether a Woman Is men to damnation. Errors arise from quot-It would be impossible here to set forth ing passages singly. You can make the the learned arguments that have been em- very truth lie by giving but part of it. ployed in support of the doctrine that the Christ may not have prayed for the whole Terrible Revenge of a Brown-Eyed century began with the first day of 1800. world in the chapter quoted (John xvii.), Mr. MACKAY states some of the more obvi- but he did pray for his murderers when he ous ones. On the other side, it is scornfully was dying on the cross." An interrupting retorted that no sane man ever thought of voice from the other side broke in with the himself as living in the year zero; that the assertion-"Then they were of the elect," said my friend, the philesopher, in an exfirst year of a child's life is his year one, which occasioned choked laughter. "If cited whisper as we were walking towards and that if he lived long enough he would | they are," retorted Dr. Schaff. "we needn't

end of his hundredth year, and start The phrase, "God hated Esau," he further his head. in on his second century with the stated occurs eight times in the confession. beginning of his year 10%. It is urged, "What would we say of an earthly moreover, that if the century closes with father," he inquired, "who hated his chil-Thus are some of the features of the mys-

decade would begin with 0 and end with 9, terious theological problem getting a a style of reckoning better suited to "Alice | healthy airing in the sun and winds of of Mr. MACKAY as to the carpenter's rule of the evolutionary work that is going on. and the milestones, to be of any weight. Human conceptions of the divine economy

THE GRAND OLD MAN,

Mr. GLADSTONE'S mental vision shows no signs of growing dim with age. Turning his venerable face toward America, the other day, he remarked that this country of a restricted trade, and therefore would pay 40 or 50 per cent. more to build a navy than it would if contented to compete on equal terms with other nations. But its refor the luxury of protection. The worst was that while America would cite England's example for enlarging her navy, ther naval increase. It is a matter of deep sorrow to reflect that the very ostentatious addition to the defences of a country made an apology for an increase of the burdens of an additional security the policy of governments thus tended more and more to jeopardize the peace of the world."

How true is every word of this. Yet the resources of no country are se great that it can afford to go on indefinitely paying the price of a wrong policy.

And what a picture is this of the leading Christian nations of the world each building up an immense armament, while the best statesmanship can give no better reason for it than that all the others are doing the same thing!

And all this waste, too, anticipates a slaughter of human beings and a destruction of property with machinery so deadly that it can work more havor in a few hours than could the ruder appliances of barbar-

THE EUROPEAN WAR BUGBEAR.

Another European war rumor has started. A Berlin despatch states that Prince Bistheir involuntary reduced number of work. MARCK proposes to make war upon France ing days for the year, it does not amount to as soon as spring opens; and although there an average of more than \$2.50 per day in is no apparent reason why the man of blood At first sight it might seem easy enough all. Other building trades make similar and iron should don his war togs for a bout with France, the rumor is creating great

dition it is manifestly the interest and the discordant neighborhood that each family members into soldiers in order to protect "catch" and undimin-

itself from its next-door neighbor. In a neighborhood of bullies, threats are European war clouds are not often charged | color; the very thing with real thunderbolts. There has been no I have always insisted great European war since the Franco-Prus-There are noticeable of late certain grow- sian affair of 1872, although no year passes will be justified in this age without the extremest provocation, and until every means

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Maine capitalists to start mammoth sheep manches in Montana. There are thousands as it can be, and shows more nearly the entire eye than under any other circumand New England would not then suffer from these depopulating movements.

a monument to the memory of the late HENRY W. GRADY is one that will appeal to the whole country. Success to the good

The colored men of this country have made it pretty evident that they don't want to go back to Africa. Then that very stunning scheme will fall through for lack of the necessary co-operation on the part of the colored people.

The copyright bill is again before Congress. Down the dim vista, through long generations, the copyright bill goes on its

Were woman's looks
gress. Down the dim vista, through long generations, the copyright bill goes on its endless quest. If it goes down like Mc. Ginty, it comes up again, like Banquo's ghost. The copyright bill of our fathers, hoary with age and hallowed with venerable associations, abides with us forever.

There's a good deal of force in Mr. GLAD-stone's lament that the enlargement of army or navy by one country is always an excuse for a like enlargement by other countries. If Germany didn't keep up such a big standing army, for instance, France would not need to do it either, and vice versa. It is the common people who have

ALL IN THE EYE.

30th year, but that 30 years have elapsed appealed to as having supported St. Paul, in It is the Mirror of the Brain.

in Love.

Boston Girl.

"Here she comes; I've found it at last," the Common in Temple place. Then he drew his brows down into an extravagant scowl, bent his shoulders forward and hung

The transformation was from Jekyll to Hyde. I was puzzled, but without questioning him I fell back to save myself from scandal, for he was almost face to face with the generous, whole

some figure of a young woman who was not yet conous of his stealthy, threatening approach. I would have cried to her a warn-

ing against my late STARTLED. companion had I the courage to arouse the swarming little thoroughfare. He was carrying himself like a

Suddenly the girl saw him, but not until they were almost together. Her eyes flew open in fright, and with a startled dart she sprang around and past him. I kept my eyes upon my friend, determined to dispute "is still enjoying the blessings and comforts his way when he should turn to chase the victim of his strange and terrible frenzy.

While in this attitude, and I was wondering in flashes how I could take him to the hospital without visiting upon the unfortanate man the miserable disgrace of a ride sources are so great that it can afford to pay through the staring town between two oliceman in a hurry-up wagon, he stounded me by straightening walking calmly on, making, the while, some notes in a book that he quickly took from his pocket. Then I glanced around at nervously trying to look both behind and ahead as she hastened on in her alarm.



DEBTOR. CREDITOR.

It was bewildering, but after a moment I hurried away in pursuit of my friend, the philosopher. He had come to the brink of the Frog Pond before I could overtake him. "What is the matter with you?" I denanded of him. in a tone of injury and indignation that did not belie my feelings. "That was a great catch," said he, with bubbling enthusiasm, as he sat down upon

a sunny bench by the pond, his book closed His indifference to my stormy temper was ious truth in relation to the actual earnings war is almost equivalent to a cry of fire in for the police, the first thing you know.

What do you mean by such an outrageous war is almost equivalent to a cry of fire in the police, the first thing you know.

"Look here!" said he, with unapated ished indifference to my outburst,

He held the opened

REPOSE. mand for an explanation of the scene in Temple place, my friend, the philosopher,

"I have always declared that the startled eye showed the white all around the color, and at last I have demonstrated it; when one is startled, and simply startled, the lid There is an organized movement among flies up; there's no downward movement



The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed. "I had no time to warn you of my trick,

'It is all in your eye?'

talk. ask: "What's the matter? Something ond until she says yes, and that delay would entail months of restless anxiety and fluct-



when I hear careless people say that such and such a man has a good face or a bad face, as the case may be, I mentally correct them and substitute the cyclid for the face, for the eyelid is the sum and substance of expression. A wrinkle in a man's face signifies nothing, and the outlines of the mouth are no more an index to character than is the shape of the shoes on his feet.

his feet.
What is the great horror in the death chamber? It is the open staring eye, and the first duty to the dead is to

Close up his eyes and draw the curtains close. Close up his eyes and draw the currains close.

The strange beauty of the cold, marble face is a comfort to the bereaved, and kisses are rained upon the still, pulseless lire, but the eye must be hid. Why? Simply because it was in the eye that the departed dwelt and going, he left it deserted and uncanny. Truly it was

The eye and prospect of his soul.

I have asked soldiers what was the most terrible aspect of a battle, and when

I have asked soldiers what was the most terrible aspect of a battle, and when pressed they have all agreed that it was not the torn bodies, the oo ing blood, the whizzing lead, but the death stare in the eyes of the slain.

"Bu how omes the eye by this bre-eminence." I asked my friend, the philo opher. It is the door through which you receive every impression. The eye catches the vision and transmits it to the brain which sets the nerves agoing and, these nerves are the masters of the eyelid, All sights and

nerves, but each differently from the other. They are as a Cremona violin. I may well liken the reception of impressions by these nerves to the wind playing upon an Acolan harp.

The transmission from the eye to the brain and then to the nerves is accomplished in a flash. Before the brain has had time to comprehend the new impression your nerves have received it and they are manipulating the eyelid. The brain may determine to ignore or falsely construe the impression, but it is too late. The eyelid has already spoken, and if you have read its speech you will not heed the sound of the tongue. The eyelid has said 'I am surprised.' 'What of it.' or 'I don't believe it,' and a message of that sort is worth far more than an hour's palaver from the throat. But you must look quick and sharp:

Alas! how little can a moment show Of an eye where feeling plays.



sudden pain. terfeit expressions selves look sad when they are glad, or glad when they are glad, or glad when they are sad. Their effect upon me is distressing, and they look far more grotesque than they could possibly be in any kind of a mask.

In time of affliction I have had men come to cheer me, and I could see in their own eye some trouble that they thought they were concealing from me. I have an enemy, and one day when I saw him approaching, I determined to test his eye. I knew that the sight of me would be sufficient to arouse his spleen, but, with laughing good nature in my face. I quickly steeped before him and grasped his hand in an effusive pretence of cordial friendship. I kept my eye on his eye all the time, and his first expression was one of astonishment, although his mouth was open from ear to ear, and he was saying: "My dear sir, am deli hted to see you." Astonishment was succeeded in his eye by the old, hard, suspicious look, although his mouth widened with every added word in his greeting. He cried: "How is your health, and why don't we see more of one another?" I was shouting the same sort of humbug at him, but he couldn't fool me. His eyelid stayed right at the anger line throughout our talk. His mouth looked as if he would kiss me, while his eyes were filled with the meanest passion against me.

Scott wrote a line that suggests, although it was not intended to describe such a deception as this:

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye I do not say that a careless man cannot be

I do not say that a careless man cannot be fooled on an occasion of this sort. I have succeeded several times in fooling people in this way. Once, when I was spending the winter in New York, I was in daily contact with an extremely offensive man. He was consciously good looking

sciously good looking and terribly bumptious. I grew to hate that man, and then I hated myself for hating him. Hatred belongs only to our peers. I ought to have despised him. His little drawing-room triumphs, however, and the brutal way he had of barring me out of the common talk provoked in



The always declared that the startled eye showed the white all arounds the color, and at last I have demonstrated it; when one is startled, and simply startled, the lid flies up; there's no downward movement whatever. Yes, sir, the lid is lifted as high as it can be, and shows more nearly the sair with rage. All I see the country of the control of the control of the control of the country of the startled as high as it can be, and shows more nearly the entire eye than under any other circumstance.

Thope, "he at last said, with returning reason, "that I did not seriously embarrass you or give the boor girl too great a fright. It would, I admit, be highly reprehensible to do such a thing out of idle curiostry, but the sufficient apology for what I did is the order of the control of the properties of the country in the interest of my study of human expression, a most useful investigation.

The startled eye has been mooted among us for a long while, and with a good deal of earnestness. At last I resolved to make as the word of the common the horses. These study from life. In pursuance of this resolution I have stood hour after hour at convoked street corners, watching the more work over very unsatisfactory, and it is a woman the horses. These studies, however were very unsatisfactory, and it is a woman the horses. These studies have the common run of men instinctively assume were hope to be.

"A woman's never are so much finer, and when st tried she is startled all over. The common run of men instinctively assume the area with the common run of men instinctively assume the properties of t

For where is any author in the world Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

We often hear of love at first sight. My dvice to a young man upon meeting a young woman is to watch her eye the mo-The Halcyon



ment it takes in a vision of him. If he be quick and clever he can thus learn his fate without a minute's suspense. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eve

But it is his last chance until he humbles himself at her feet. He must catch the first glance, for she will not give him a sec-

In the twinkling of an eye.

Afterwards her eye will never meet yours until each has confessed a love for the other. Not until the young man has capitulated will her eyes sally forth from the barricade of drooping lashes.

He may sometimes be transported by a bit of rushing color in her cheek, which is beyond her control and, unless she is very strong, the upper lip may tremblingly tell a tale ou its fair mistress, but not a glimpse shall he have of

The light that lies



Meanwhile she knows to an exactness just what his feelings are towards her, because before her unmasked are his

Love darting eyes. After his agony is over and her triumph ecured their eyes will quickly rivet themelves upon one another.
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again. Some faithful old lord and master wrote

amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely The truest mirror that an honest wife can see her beauty in.

But our first experience with a woman's eye is received in our mother's arms, who reveals Heaven in her eye.

Some day we get into trouble. To whom do we go? Not to the father, whose knowledge of man's world and its temptations ought to insure us mercy at his hands. Yet, we cannot face him, with his Inforgiving eye and damned, disinheriting counten

Sheridan wrote something like that, and tis a life-size portrait of the father's face, is we fancy it, when some troublous guilt sweighing us down. We want sympathy then and not correction.

To the mother, therefore, we go, confident of her tender em pity that is certain to beam upon us. "Oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

What a harbor of refuge is her bosom! Our wounds are bound up by her love, and we are protected from the world—even from the father—by her symoathy. We may be the very yellow dog of human kind, but we are her son.



the very yellow dog of human kind, but we are her son.

I haven't told you, however, of any but the soft eyes of women. Well, sir, I never knew a woman who couldn't melt a stone or freeze a heart with the same ye. I think the saverest castigation I ever suffered was inflicted by a pair of brown eyes. I entered a horse car at Harvard square one afternoen, and, as is my invariable custom, I began at once gers. Being a triffe mear-sighted, I am rather awkward on such an occasion.

()pposite me sat a very young woman, with a cloth her in her language for her language and the country of the property of the property of the same and the same are sighted. rather awkward on such an occasion.

Opposite me sat a very young woman, with a cloth bag in her lap, full of books. I imagined that she had just come from her studies in the Harvard annex. Her face was quite pretty, and her eyes very much out of the common. Before I realized it I was annoying her with my earnest gaze, and she grew somewhatnervous. Her eyes snapped so brilliantly, however, that, with all my pride and deference, I couldn't keep from watching her, although furtively.

After a moment she seemed to summon her nerves, and then she stiffened. Turning her eyes upon me, she began the coldest and most unflinghag review of my person.

sciously good looking and terribly bumptious. I grew to hate
that man, and then I hated myself for hating him. Hatred belongs only to our peers. I ought to have despised him.

His little drawing-room triumphs, however, and the brutal way he had of barring me out of the common talk, provoked in me a mixture of scorn and lealousy.

But one evening I was cool enough to try an experiment on him. He had just inished some little insipid speech which had failed to win him his customary laurel. The failure cast him down terribly and when he shot a glance at me to see if I appreciated his situation, I adjusted my eyelids to pity, and bent upon him the most commiscrating look you ever saw. I suppose it was a very poor counterfeit, but he was such a selfabsorbed gump that he could not detect me. On the contrary, the instant his eye met mine, and hesaw my expression, he fairly jumped in the air with rage. All the evening he persisted in my affectation of pity. I flatter myself it was the most uncomfortable hour of his life. On subseand most unflinching review of my person. She looked first straight in my

self to take a mean or a gloomy view of life his eye will mark him.

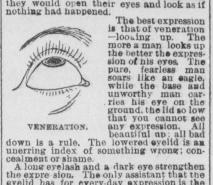
If, on the other hand, he has a generous nature, everybody he meets will delight to bask in his gleaming eye. Why, take

to bask in his gleaming eye. Why, take into censideration the big-waisted fellow who has come to typify The Globe. The artist has given him a smilling eye, because he appreciates the advantage of it, and this conceit has

es the advantage of and this conceit has owerfully aided The owerfully aided The public with its good heer and kindliness. It serves the selish purpose of some men, however, to cultivate a blankness of experion Napoleon achieved this more pression. Napoleon achieved this more nearly than any other historical character In common life we hear of men with good poker faces. They have schooled themselves to hold the cyclid still whenever they wish to hide their thoughts. Such men never affect an expression. They are too smart for that: they simply try to defeat all expression. I have known men quick enough to shut their eyes when surprised. After they had overcome the first expection. enough to shut their eyes when surprised.

After they had overcome the first sensation they would open their eyes and look as if nothing had happened.

The hest expression



the expression. The only assistant that the eyelid has for every-day expression is the upper lip. The lower lip never comes into Well, well; the sun has gone down on our

long talk, and we must go. So here endeth, my friend, the first lesson in the most interesting and useful course of study that I have ever entered. Never forget to Bear welcome in your eye. BRUCE. Popular Names of Women. [Chicago Tribune.]

[Chicago Tribune.]

I wonder if any woman ever liked her own name? When I was in the harness I used to have to read all the manuscript that came to the office. Most of our contributors were women. Women. I have sometimes thought are naturally inclined to literature. I never knew one who didn't drift into writing for the press if she had the slightest encouragement. And when they begin to write, of course, the first thing they do is to select a nom de plume. These assumed names used to amuse me, and I took a fancy one day to keep track of them for one year. At the expiration of that time I discovered that the name "Maud" led the list. The next was "Lillian." and then they scampered off into the realm of ficcion, "Beulah," "Mizpah." "Rowena" and the like.



What They Were. (Yonkers Sta

Young Goldsmith-Did you notice the oung lady I had with me to the reception Mr. Browning-Yes, she was a stunner. "Did you see the roses she carried? "Yes, they were lovely. What were "A dollar apiece."

> Got What She Called For. [Detroit Free Press.]

Mrs. Despare-I think you are the worst usband that ever lived.
Mr. Despare-Well, I think you ought to e satisfied with me. "Why so?" "Because you used to tell me that you

He Did Not Press His Suit.

wanted me awful bad."

[Harvard Lamps Miss Oldun-No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies. Hollings, '93-Oh, don't say that, Miss Miss Oldun-Why, I feel like a faded leaf among all these young buds. . . Do ever press autumn leaves. Mr. Hollings? (Great embarrassment from '93.)

Why People Steal Umbrellas.

"George." she whispered softly, "mark onder breadth of cloud, stretching to the itmost part of the heavens, a boundless, infinite sea of nothingness. "Nothingness!" he echoed: "why, great cott, Maria, there's a quart of rain in every quare foot of that there cloud."

Moral: Keep the Dollar Yourself. Give an American girl a dollar, and she

will buy gun with it; give an Irish girl a dollar and she will put it in an old stocking and save it; give a German girl a dollar and she will put it in a savings bank; give a colored girl a dollar, and she will get on a street car and ride until it is gone. To Die Like a Dog.

Mrs. Crabbley-Did you hear the Wiggins dog how last night?
Crabbley—I did, and I believe it to be a sure sign of a death in the neighborhood.
Mrs. Crabbley—Do you, really? Who do you think is going to die?
Crabbley—That dog.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought. [Atchison Globe.] Did you ever think in the morning that

while you are debating whether to crawl out of your nice warm bed, or turn over and take a nap, probably half the people in town are debating the same question? The Ins and Outs of Life. [Atchison Globe.]

Precious Relics, Too Hard to Date, Briscoe—Those are rather odd looking tiles on your hearth.
Dempster—Yes, those are some of the first loaves of bread my wife baked after we were married.

A Selfish Gift.

Roxham—What did you give your wife for Christmas?
Hardfilnt—I give her a half dollar and told her to go and have that tooth pulled that's been hurting her the last six months. Two Occupations That Go Together. Age was never so painful a subject to any woman as it is to the boy who is trying to raise his first mustache, and court a 25-year-old girl,

College. There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is, that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't any business.

Another Great Question Settled at

[Epoch.] Cobwigger-I have the prettiest types riter in town. Brown—Can she speil well? Cobwigger—Didn't I just tell you she was pretty?

Had Cast Her Spell on Him.

"Will you not grant me one word, Miss Bullion, just one—that I may treasure for ever?"
"Goodby."

After the "gravitation" lessen, Visitor—Now. James, what makes the apple fall James—Worms, There's Always Plenty to Lend. There are men who will grumble at the weather or anything in sight, and if they have not trouble enough they will go out

One of the Things That Jewellers Know. [Jewelers' Weekly.] On pale blue silk garters buckles of silver representing two keys crossed on a pad-lock, make very attractive ornaments.

Other Rackets Suggest Three Balls.

[Jewellers' Weekly.]

A lawn tennis racquet with accompany-ing balls, represented in gold, are now made into cuff links. So Men Seem to Think. [Somerville Journal.] There are few things in the world really worth getting angry about, but there are lots of things that justify a man in getting mad.

But It Is Such a Good Cause. [Epoch.]
Fangle-What do you think of this piece of newspaper advice: "Tell your wife every day that you love her?" Cumso-I don't think the papers ought to encourage lying.

[Somerville Journal.] A man has to have moral courage to re-frain from looking sidewise at a letter his next neighbor in the horse car is diligently reading. A woman can't do it, anyway. Why Tailors So Often Get Rich.

Insatiable Thirst for Knowledge.

[Mme. de Rieux.]
There is in all of us an impediment to perfect happiness; namely, weariness of the things which we possess, and a desire for the things which we have not. Something Such People Never Do.

(Somerville Journal.) People who like to say smart things should hesitate before they say them to consider whether or not they will make other people smart.

So the Bachelor Believes. Early and provident fear is the mother of

They May Not Notice It This Year.

[Burlington Free Press.]

Poets are like watches, A spring sets Consumption Cured.

These assumed names used to amuse me, and I took a fancy one day to keep track of them for one year. At the expiration of that time I discovered that the name "Maud" led the list. The next was "Lillian." and then they scampered off into the realm of fiction. "Beulah," "Mizpah." "Rowena" and the like.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

By getting your friends and neighbors to subscribers yourself, your wife, son ordaughter and os of in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The filobe gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetation in the realm of a preparation. Bronchitis, Catarrh. Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Ner ous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve buman suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with send properties of the properties of the subscribers of the subs

nating hopes and fears.



gist, he who is both practical and the retical, and always scientific, knows that the reduction of the criminal class to a minimum can never be accomplished by the mild prevention and reformatory measures prompted by sentiment alone. The habitual criminal does not yield readily to treatment.

He is past the age THE HEIGHT. when he might have been kept by judicious training from drifting into wickedness, and he is so confirmed in his criminal habit of life that the most perfect prison discipline makes but little permanent impression

Modern justice, tempered with the truest mercy, is gradually coming to see that



from prison is made to depend upon a reform in his character. This, in the nature of things, cannot be said to be always genuine, but the parole system of dismissal from cu tody does much to hold the pris- LENGTH OF TRUNK. straight and narrow way.



The extreme penalty for repeated offences, and permanent incarceration, it is easy to see, depend not a little upon being able to prove that the prisoner is not a first offender. Criminals are migratory in nature. When one is released from iail in Boston, he is

likely to bring up next

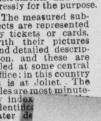
WIDTH OF HEAD. in San Francisco.
where, if arrested it is for his advantage to plead everything but that he is an old hand at law-breaking. To

and getting off with light sentences when they deserve the extreme penalty for their own and the world's best good, the French system for the registration of criminals is being introduced into the United States. It is in successful probest good, the French
system for the registration of criminals is
being introduced into
the United States. It
is in successful praclice all over Europe,
and has already made
considerable headway
here. The advantages
of this system known
as the Bertillon method, seem to be, to quote
R. W. McClaughry,
warden of the penitentiary at Joliet III.

warden of the penitentiary at Joliet, III..
who first introduced it, and experimented
with it in this country, its adaptability to
the following purposes:
"It places within

"It places within the reach of our courts of justice a knowledge of the criminal record of the most dangerous and lawless class of persons in our country; thus contributing to a more even dispensamore even dispensa-







IDENTIFICATION.

In the land to send to this bureau of criminal information and find out for a certainty whether the person in question has ever been under arrest before, just as it is possible to discover one's commercial rating by consulting a mercantile agency. The criminal bureau operates to no discharged prisoner's detriment so long as he chooses to be law abiding. The information is practically buried natil such time as he is again arrested, and then his previous record is available to help sentence him in accordance with his deserts. The Bertillon system for identification of cr minals has been adopted by the Prison Warden's Association of the United States and Canada, and approved by the National Prison Association. It is already in use in a dozen prominent prisons on this continent, and with the aid of this method, and future rational legisla ion, we may confidently look forward to the perceptible diminishing, if not the elimination of the continend criminal class.

Tupollous FIRE

Interesting Facts About Noted New England Bells.

blazing cottage.

The men worked hard and saved most of bells as for the graceful beauty of its society

country? Here is located the home of the bells.

The woman on the root, whome every one now way utterly refused to jump though examined the best course to pursue with the confirmed criminal is to shut him up, not for a stated term, upon the conclusion of which he shall be set at larce to prey upon society, but until he is reformed to the extent of becoming a color of EYE. He heaver reforms, then he should be permanently incarcerated, says modern instice. In an address before the National Prison he National Prison he world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the determinate the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with a mazement upon the days when it let known, determinate the world will look back with a mazement upon the days when it let wor



absurd?"
Harris Butler turned his scorched face toward the laughing group and asked this rather fiercely, and the answer came from the hired man. Silas Drew.

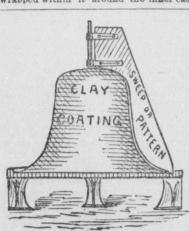
"Can't help it, mister; can's help larfin if I died for it. You was nation brave, mister, but you throwed it all way. This here ain't no young woman; it's the skeercrow me and Ebenezer helped Mrs. Dunham to stuff, to keep the birds out of her cherry tree. It's got Mrs. Dunham's old merino gown, and an old bonnet and a false face; and I tied it to the "agsta" myself last June. S'pose she didn't keer to take it down or foreyet it. It's too funny. You must excuse me a larfin; I can't help it."

"It's no laughing matter. Mr. Butler risked his life, at all events," cried the summer obarder who most detested Silas Drew; but the rural mind saw the matter in an amusing light and all solemnity vanished. A few days after. Harris Butler, with his whiskers shaved returned to the city; and still by their winter irresides at Pine Hali do farmers tell the story of how "one Butler ir risked his life to save the Widow Dunham's scarecrow, and how he felt so sort o' cut about it that he went straight hum."

New Boston Music.

New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish this week a long list of select compositions. They cannot be described one by one, but the player, considering subject and author, can easily considering subject and author





THE MOULD SHAPING OUTER FORM OF THE BELL IN PROCESS. A-THE SWEEP.

country. It was ordered some time in the 1770's of an English firm, by the head of an order of monks in Pennsylvania. Between the time of its shipment and arrival hostilities broke out. On its arrival the order of monks refused to accept it because their superior had acted without their consent, and the bell-was thrown overboard in the Delaware river. It was afterwards raised and sold to a fire company in Lancaster, Penn.. which in time sold it to a church. On learning of Lord Howe's capture of Philadelphia the Pennsylvania State Legislature met in this church and fearing that Lord Howe intended moving on Lancaster, took the bell down and buried it. On the capitulation of Cornwallis it was resurrected, and again sold to the fire department. Subse uently J. F. Sever bought and presented it to Grace Evangelical Lutheran church. There it did duty until broken a few years ago. The church bought a new bell, but the old one is treasured as a relic by the congregation.

The McShane company has not only furusually done toward evening and the beils left in the moulds until next morning,

on.
The McShane company has not only fur. The McShane company has not only furnished bells to many of the leading churches in this country, but bells from its foundry ring in every clime under the sun. It ships bells to China. Japan, Turkey. India. Pgypt. Africa. England, Ireland, the West Indies and the Sandwich Islands. The bell in St. Augustine's church. Boston came from this founday, as did also many of the other church fire alarm and other bells in the towns of Massachusetts and throughout New England. At the centennial exposition the McShane company's chime of 13 bells was awarded the highest premium. In 1883 the McShane company biaced a chime of nine bells in the church of the Most Precious Blood, Hyde Park, Mass. The largest weighs 2560 pounds, and the set aggregate 9200 pounds.

W. H. T.

A GORILLA'S BRIDE.

Remarkable Adventure of an African Woman in the Congo Region.

[Sheffleld (Eng.) Telegraph.] "The natives of Africa are cowards in war," a reporter was informed by Carl 6, Steckeman, the explorer. "They prefer to 26.

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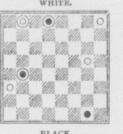
DRAUGHT BRILLIANTS AND MASTERPIECES.

Number four.

Laird and Lady.

MOM 10000 01101101110111101111

White to play.



CHECKERS.

Boston, Jan. 29, 1890.
All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220. Boston, Mass.

New England chose and one of the second control of the s

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the United States, from Washington to Haralso lives and portraits of Napoleon Bona parte, Shakespeare, Byron, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and famous statesmen, authors, oets, generals, clergymen, etc.

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Statistical and Miscellaneous. Herein is amount of useful and interesting information, some of which is the population of American cities, area and population of the continents, of the States and Territories, and of the principal countries of the world, length of the principal rivers, presidential vote for 60 years, presidential statistics, area and devels of seas lakes and oceans, height of mounts.

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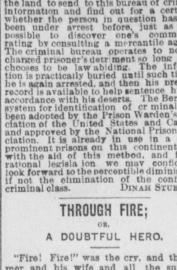
ressly for the purpose.

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With their pictures and detailed description, and these are filed at some central office; in this country it is at Jolet. The files are most minutely index identifical later dethe same no more hunt up word in the dictionary. It is, in other words, rossible, wherever this system.

Is in operation, for any court or prison in





blazing cottage. the furniture, when Horace Butler, a young man who boarded in a neighboring house, from the steeples of Baltimore than from ran wildly toward them, crying out that the spires of any city of similar size in this

there was a girl on the kitchen roof. "She was standing there almost surrounded with flames, and moaning and wringing her hands. Where can I get a ladder?"

'It must be Miss Dunham." said the farmer's wife. "Oh, do save her, Mr. Butler!"

"I'll save her or perish in the attempt," replied that gentleman, as be rushed away for the ladder.

Big hells, little hells, factory hells and

or the ladder. But the ladder, when found, was too short. The woman on the roof, whom every one now saw, utterly refused to jump though six men held the feather bed and promised

ortunately he landed on the feather bed, nd those who held it managed to drag it to sale distance from the falling wall, not one moment too soon. The next, all that was left of the Widow unham's house was a pile of burning tim-

ber.

The rescued woman lay face downward on the bed. Kind hands helped Harris Butler to rise. His hair was singed and his whiskers burnt off; his clothes were like oid flat-iron holders. He was choking with smoke and black from chin to brow; but more than one of the of the good old ladies of the place kissed him, and every one wanted to shake hands with him. All the little boys shrieked huzzas, and Butler felt that had he died he would have been a hero.

jail in Boston, he is laughed. "No doubt he did it," whispered two fair

Harris Butler turned his scorched face

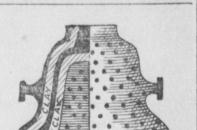
Some in our country; the contributing to select compositions. They cammore even disponation of the player, considering subject and author, can easily denote the country and blaces the identification of men upon fundamental principles ary minds and not so much upon the intelligence or shrewdness of mental players and players not the server of the country and players and players not an intelligence or shrewdness of a given point all players and pla



How the Clanging Noise-Makers Are Made.

The Part Played by "Sweep Beards"

Explained.



THE MOULDS ADJUSTED READY FOR CAST-

THROUGH FIRE;

OR,

A DOUBTFUL HERO.

"Fire! Fire!" was the cry, and the farmer and his wife and all the summer boarders. roused at the sound, rushed toward the scene of the conflagration.
"Lucky the widow Durham and her daughter are off on a visit." said one of the boarders as they came in sight of the blazing cottage.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 26.—When that eccentric poet, Edgar Alian Poe whose bones now rest in the old Westminster churchyard of this city, composed that queer jangle of verse which he appropriately active the mould a big bell weighing over three tons. (See figure 4.) The great hoisting-transstands over the moulds. It is an interesting operation. First, the outer case is probably moved by the chiming and the pealing, the banging and the clanging of the bells cleane of the clay, and a strong iron clamp adjusted. The big grane then lifts it up. Several men stand ready with light sledge hammers, and a few taps on the edge of the inner iron case causes it to drop out.



The south of which a large region of shaper, can be souther than the south of the first in the large of which a large region of shaper, can be souther than the south of the first in the south of the s

the common quality of the one is clearly apparent.

It sometimes happens that a skilful founder will send out from his works a bell to all appearances, and so far as can be determined by the usual tests a perfect one, but after it is put up the tone will not be satisfa tory. A good founder, however, in such case will recast the bell until it is perfect.

Some Noted Bells.

The visitor having been taken through

French parishes in Canada all insist upon having their bells sound the first, second and third notes of the octave beginning with their tenor, if three bells. If four bells or more they continue the scale. The Germans and Americans usually require their bells to be first, third and fifth of the scale. Some expert bell judges believe that if the good qualities of the French method world become more popular, as those notes when sounded by bells high up in a church tower are certainly more musical than the other. The Church of the Dominican Fathers at St. Sauveur, Que, has an excellent set of bells, four of the heaviest in the country.

The Methodist church at Lumpkin, Ga. has a bell made by McShane & Go. which contains the metal of the society's old beil, which was over 250 years old when recast.

St. Vincent's Catholic church of this city has a chime of 14 bells, containing in them the metal of the old bell brought from Spain, and which was 169 years old when recast.

Grace Evangelical Luthern church at Lancaster, Penn., possesses one of the oldest and most historical bells in the dollars weekly. Send for new rates.

the moulds are fastened together there is a space between the two clay shapes which. Lancaster, Penn., possesses one of the when filled, forms the bell. The casting is coldest and most historical bells in the dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

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Bear in mind that this is no cheap dollar Cyclopædia, such as many others offered as a premium, but a

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

As straighing along of Hudows bay, "since out this land? You are seen the least of Hudows bay," since out this land? You are seen the least s

LOST IN A MINE.

Eighteen Hours' Wandering in the Lower Levels.

Misadventures of Two Boys in a Sub-

terranean Expedition.

Following Misleading Guide-Marks Through Miles of Crooked Tunnels.

that age, and I had a chum about as old who was as careless as myself.'

"We lived toward the north end of Virginia City, and had a big back yard in which we always planned our expeditions. One day, in poking around that big yard, we found near an old shed a big iron ring. This was fastened to a heavy plank cover that hid the mouth of an old shaft. This cover was hid by a couple of inches of dirt.

When the first big excitement struck as full of abandoned shafts as a Swiss cheese is of holes. Within the town limits all the as te keep belated pedestrians out of them. The mine we discovered in the corner of the yard had been too extensively worked

had been covered up as described.

"We didn't lose much time in prying up that cover and beginning the exploration of what we found. The shaft was evidently an upraise from some drift of the lower mines, for it went down at an angle of about 45. As soon as we had descended 50 feet we saw that the workings had been very extensive indeed, for drifts and winzes went off from the main shaft in every direction. We went into several of these, but always found curselves stopped by a cave, for the workings were very old. Some shovels and picks that we discovered were almost gone with rust, and the timbers where they stood were bent and crushed and rotten. By guarded inquiries we found that it was in the ground of the Ophir Mining Company, and a drift had probably been extended to this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to the west. We knew that the lost of the same that it was the ground of the ophir Mining Company, and a drift had probably been extended to this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to the west. We knew that the summit of a shot tower.

drift. We amen we saw more all we had been shown conclusively that had been, years before, a cooling station, a place where the miners ate their lunch and rested and cooled off when they were working in the neighboring drifts. We had followed some one else's chalk marks, and we had now no idea of our whereabouts.

"We came the man has shown conclusively that he does not intend to pay that his name will be reported. After dunning a man for a year without getting anything out of him it is safe to suppose that he does not intend to pay, and down goes his name on the blacklist."

A Trifle Too Exclusive.

[Detroit Free Press.]

About a week ago a Detroit real dealer became very tired, and the sub-th that now no idea of our whereabouts.

"We can't get out the way we came, down as far as we we way to down as far as we we we way to down as far as we we way to down as far as we we way we came? lowed some one else's chalk marks, and we had now no idea of our whereabouts.

"We can't get out the way we came? said Ben, 'and no work is being done in the upper levels, so what we've got to do is to get down as far as we can, and we're bound to run across some miners.' Then we began trying to find ourselves. We took the nearest tunnel and followed it until we came to a shaft with ladders in it. These ladders were crumbling and had evidently not been used for years, but we were not heavy and they did not break. Down we climbed to another level. This we followed as before.

"Whenever we came to a shaft we threw a fragment of rock down to ascertain how deep it was. Then we would climb down as far as we could. We had just reached one level when a rushing sound broke the stillness. The noise startled us for an instant, but, hurrying ahead we saw hundreds of rats coming out of a small tunnel, at the

rats coming out of a small tunnel, at the mouth of which stood a mouldering old or

car.

"This cheered us, for we decided that men must frequent some place near there, or the rats, which in the mines live on the remains of the miners' junches, could get nothing to eat. But though we hunted until we had to stop and cry again, we could into no one. Down an incline we went and struck a tunnel that had evidently been used more lately than the others. As we turned into it we saw a spark away off. Soon we saw that it was a candle carried by a miner. We let out a shout, but to our amazement and horror the miner dropped his candle and ran as if 40 devils were chasing him. We hurried after him and picked up his candle, but he must have turned into some other drift for we could not find him, and our weary search soon became as hopeless as before. We had by this time been in the mines a good many hours and had cried ourselves sick. No matter which way we turned, there was the same dead cold walls of rock. The passages were endless, they seemed to lead nowhere. We passed several old cooling stations and at last we got to one and stopped. We were utterly exhausted, and with all our misery choking us we swallowed some of our lunch, blew out our candles and, holding each other's hands, fell asleep.

"I remember that my last thought before I became unconscious was that a long time afterward they would find our bodies, and I car.
"This cheered us, for we decided that men

"Tremember that my last thought before I became unconscious was that a long time afterward they would find our bodies, and a few cents for candy?"

Yoice—No. His coat's froze fast to the ground.

Too many-no, there are not too many beard think of this world could be effective corpse. Nothing about this struck me as being funny. Indeed, I fell asleed.

Think of \$10 000 for hairpins and candy! I fell asleed in the providence that the girl has to use face or ranged my limbs so as to make a more would be consternation in the ranged number of the dear word. We had long way off. My companion heard it and who started to find out. We had both been down the minesfrequently before the more surface or form and hairpins, and a few cents for candy?

Yoice—No. His coat's froze fast to the ground.

Yoice—No. His coat's froze fast to the ground.

Too many-no, there are not too many beard the while there are plenty of babies and pleuty of love, there will always be plenty of love, there will always be plenty of love, there will always be plenty of happiness in this world.

It has been recorded of more than one unhappy married couple, that their disagreements came to such a pitch that for years they never exchanged a word. Of course it was the his hate day.

Too many-no, there are not too many hours and whell there are plenty of babies and pleuty of love, there will always be plenty of love, there will always be ple

hard to follow the noise. Along tunnels, down short upraises and up inclines we went until we struck our corridor. We followed on toward the noise. It was louder here, and as we advanced it grew into a perfect roar that filled the tunnel.

"Soon we ran into a wall of wood, from behind which the noise cade. We peered through a chink in the plank partition and saw a broad moving line. It was the cable that hoists the cage, and that is what made the noise. We watched through the chink in the boards until we saw a cage loaded with rocks go up, and then began to think how we could reach the point from which the cage had started. We knew that we were very far under ground, for the rocks that we threw down the frequent shafts splashed in the water at the bottom. It was not long before we found a deep shaft, and down that we clambered. As we neared the bottom we heard another rumbling—an ore car running along the tramway. We shouted as we went down the ladders and the carman answered our cry. Soon we were standing by him, while he looked us over with wonder.

"Where are we?" we both shouted, as It is high noon of an August day.

"Where are we?" we both shouted, as It is high noon of an August day.

THE FIEND IN PURSUIT.

Ships not matrimonial this course of conduct has been hitherto unprecedented; pathers are often as unequally yoked together as husband and wife; but when they quarrel, they "have words," and a good many of them. Last week, however, there was an instance of two gentiemen, linked together as husband and wife; but when they was an instance of two gentiemen, linked together as husband and wife; but when they quarrel, they "have words," and a good many of them. Last week, however, there was an instance of two gentiemen, linked together an sunequally yoked together as husband and wife; but when they was an instance of two gentiemen, linked together as husband and wife; but when they quarrel, they "have words," and a good many of them. Last week, however, there was an instance of two gentiemen, linked togethe

They were talking about the recent mining disaster at San Leandro that brought the conversation around to mining accidents generally, and finally one of the party recalled the Comstock horror of two years ago, when a cave in the Gould & Curry buried nine men alive.

"I had a pretty ugly experience in the mines myself eight years ago," said one of the party, an ex-Nevadan.
"I was a boy of 14 or 15 then, with about as little sense of prudence as most boys of that age, and I had a chum about as old

REPORTING RAPID TALK.

How Henry Ward Beecher Dazzled a New Encyclopædia.

Chicago Evening Journal. "Speaking of rapid talkers makes me think of the time I was sent to report a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher," said the mayor's private secretary, Tom O'Neill, at the Comstock everybody went to digging.
the Press Club the other day. "I was someand now the whole side of Mt. Davidson is
thing of a stenographer, and had always been able to keep pace with every man I had been assigned to take. So, with no abandoned shafts are filled up or covered so misgivings, I sharpened my pencil and took my seat at the reporters' table and waited for the distinguished divine to begin. "The subject was 'Evolution, which, in those days I knew absolutely nothing about.

The state of the s

"No matches supplied."

"We have nad the grippe."

"Have seen a dozer, such winters."

"We are not 'n' to bores."

"We don't want to invest in mines."

"No corns to be pared off."

"No stationery wanted."

"We don't sign any bonds."

"Don't want any life insurance."

"We don't sign any bonds."
"Don't want any life insurance."
"Interviewers will blease keep out,"
The sign had been up a day or so when an old man opened the door very carefully and walked in, and after a bit observed:
"I've been reading your sign out here."
"Then profit by it." was the brusque reply, He shut the door and went away and He shut the door and went away, and half a day later that sign came down. The old man had \$40.000 worth of land to sell, and he called upon another dealer and left his memoranda, with the remark that a man who was so mighty evelusive as that could never get near enough to the small. never get mear enough to the publi

\$10,000 a Year for Pin Money. [Mrs. Grundy, Jr., in New York World.] I chatted with one of the ricbest girls of Washington last night as to how she spent ner \$10,000 allowance.

"I suppose it includes all of your traveling expenses?" said I. 'Oh, dear, no. Papa always pays such things,"
"Then you pay for your living expenses, I

"What an idea!" said the milliennaire's "Certainly not. My jewels nts from my father or others." Oh, it goes to your dressmaker for your "No, but I'll tell you a secret. Mamma always has such things put on her bills."
"Well" said I, "for what do you spend tt? For your face-powder and hairpins, and

It is high noom of an August day. eat the noonday meal. There are one—three—five—seven—ten—trees, covering a Stenographer and Drove Him to the thin carpet to cover the soil. The paths

descends to the waving grass.

drifting on a vast island sea—a sea of earth and grass and dying flowers—both grass and flowers vielding up their lives to the weeds of dry hot weather. One may have compared to the description of the descripti

\$150,000,000. A visitor to the vaults was recently shown a package having the base area of a \$5 bill and a height of some inches. "How much does it contain, do you suppose?" inquired the treasury official. "You see it is made up of \$10,000 bills." The wondering spectator was stargered when told that the package contained \$8,000,000. The increase in the amount of money deposited in these vaults during the bast quarter of a century is something surprising. When John J. Cisco was the assistant treasurer at this city. \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 was considered a great amount of money to have in the vaults at one time. Yet during the administration of C. J. Canda. President Cleveland's first assistant treasurer, the amount was increased to \$212,000,000. So perfect was the system that Mr. Canda, in speaking of this, naively said: "Yes, I suppose I had under my charge more money than was ever confided to one man at one time. But then it didn't do me much good. I could not have drawn out or embezzled a single cent of it without somebody knowing it. I could not even enter the vaults without assistance from a clerk who carried some of the keys."

[Berkshire News.] It doesn't require a very vivid imagination to evolve a conversation like the following: Time, about now; place, over east, Farmer (ploughing greensward)-John, go up to the house and mow the lawn. John (cutting ice on adjacent pord)-All right. Just as soon as I shovel through the

drifts down by the orchard, so Sal can get nome. She's down there in the hammock. Farmer (wiping perspiration from his row)--Where's Lizzie? brow --Where's Lizzie?

John (from the depths of his ulster)--Gone to the lake with her skates and her bathing suit. Said she didn't know which she'd

need.
Voice (from the house)—Here's a tramp layin' here. He's been sunstruck.
Farmer—Drag him into the shade, can't Voice-No. His coat's froze fast to the

A Roar Like Niagara as the Air Be- As an Individual at Home He is All She Could Enact the Part of the Lover

To see the Emperor to best advantage he must be sought in the bosom of his family, Hot! Whew! but how the summer sun Hot! Whew! but how the summer sun indeed, whatever he may think of his beats down on the great prairie—scorching, divine mission, nature cut him out for a divine mission. withering, shriveling—heating the blood of man and animal until it seems to boil! We man and animal until it seems to boil! We never happier than when they can leave all given for wishing such a thing consisted of never happier than when they can leave all woods as much for shelter as to prepare and eat the noonday meal. There are one—

state cares behind them, throw off the yoke one's attention during a single reading. I Gatschina, Peterhof, or, best of all, in Denmark, in which country the Czar unbends space of a quarter of an acre. Here a spring mark, in which country the Czar unbends bubbles up from strata of sand and gravel, in a manner never seen elsewhere. There is not so great a romp as he among all his and only need three suits of clothes. I and so many thousand animals have come here to slake their thirst that the earth is bare of grass for the space of two acres. Not exactly bare, but cropped off so short and trodden under foot so often that it is only a thin carpet to cover the soil. The paths

thin carpet to cover the soil. The paths radiating away through the dry and waving grass are like the spokes of a wheel.

Ah! but water touches the spot on a day like this when one has been in the saddle since sunrise. Each man of us says so by word of mouth, and each horse says so in his look of relief after his thirst has been quenched. Whiskey! Brandy! Chambis look of relief after his thirst has been quenched. Whiskey! Brandy! Chambis look of relief after his own abilities. He took a pack of cards and tore them through with the greatest ease. At Gatschina he loves to go ishing with a barpoon by torchlight. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is fond of felling trees, but, unlike that gentleman, he equally enjoys sawing them into lengths. The Carhas five children, three sons and two daughters.

attendant and her lady of honor serve also for them. In part, this springs from the Emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part also that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The Empress superintends in person the education of the two little grand duchesses, venie and Olga, aged respectively 14 and 6. The Emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons, for he thinks himself a great musician and has a predilection for the cornet-a piston.

One day a minister, busy reading to him an important document, beheld the Czar vanish suddenly to intone in the adjoining room a rhapsody on his favorite instrument, "Excuse me," he said, returning after half an hour, "but I had so lovely an inspiration." He takes care, however, that they should also have better instruction than he can give them, remembering how his own education was neglected and how disastrous this has been for him.

dent and Mrs. Hayes 7000 persons by actual count. Of this number 4500 partook of the lavish refreshments served. There were two large wine barrels of terrain prepared and served. Over 1500 loaves of bread and 150 hams were made into sandwiches. There were nearly 1000 quarts of cream furnished. Nearly 400 chickens were used in salads. Over 150 gallons of coffee and great tanks of lemonade were consumed. There were cakes and confections without stint.

The steward of the household, W. T The steward of the household, W. T. Crump, who managed this enormous gastronomic campaign, had a small army of men and women in the kitchen. A supply of 2500 clean plates was kept constantly on hand, and required 10 dish washers. There were seven cooks in the kitchen and 50 waiters employed in serving the guests. The actual cost of this single entertainment was \$6000, aithough no wines were served, which was more than has ever been expended by any president for State dinners during a whole administration. The jam was unparalleled, owing to senators and others abusing the executive hospitality by bringing as many as 10 ladies on the card designed only to include the ladies of their families.

There is too muck love in the world, said

some one the other day to me. There is too uch of a great many things in this world but not too much of that. There is too much bad temper. Too much scandal. Too much evil thinking. l'oo much hard judgment. oo much impertinence.
oo much weakness unforgiven. Oo much of bad puns.
Oo many courses at dinner.
Oo many chestnuts.
Oo many women who support their hus

Too many liars.

BORN TO MAKE LOVE.

For This Sweet Pastime Women Were Created.

Wild Prairie Fire.

Carried on such communications as were necessary between them on slips of paper.

It was natural enough, since their trade happened to be the swindling of the public, that they should not discuss it; but it was not delicacy but disagreement that kept them dumb.

Why one of the Fair Sex Wishes That them dumb.

She Were a Man.

as It Should be Played.

[Chicago Times.] A great deal of interest seems to have centred in the speculation of what women could not arouse any enthusiasm over woman's wish to be a man that she might

rous, manly, courageous, and all that every one knows. But what woman could not give men hints on love-making? Now. I frankly admit that I could not im-

prove on the race of men as an example of

stormed, and before she has am desire to be stormed, and before she has made up her mind to which party she wishes to capitulate.

The plainest, humblest, and most prosaic of women have in them a vein of sentiment, a touch of romance which craves a more distinct separation of love-making from business principles. There is not a woman who likes those lines:

"Man's love is of his life a thing apart;
"Tis a woman's whole existence."

We all know it is true, but we hate it just the same. The facts of a case have little to go with woman's prejudices. I often think it must have been a woman instead of a the same. The facts of a case have little to one more campaign, had a small army of and women in the kitchen. A supply 500 clean plates was kept constantly on d. and required 10 dish washers. There is seven cooks in the kitchen and 50 ters employed in serving the guests, actual cost of this single entertainment. Scool, although no wines were served, ch was more than has ever been exided by any president for State dinners and may a more than has ever been exided by any president for State dinners and a whole administration. The jam unparalleled, owing to senators and may a solousing the executive hospitality by ging as many as 10 ladies on the cardined only to include the ladies of their lites.

Too Much of Many Things.

[New York Stat.]

Incre is too much love in the world, said the one the other day to me. There is too much love in the world, said the cone the other day to me. There is too much scandal.

In the cone the other day to me. There is too much weakness unforgiven, soo many courses at dinner, soo many courses at dinner, soo many done who support their husdos.

Soo many liars.

Soo many liars.

Soo many liars.

Soo many liars on many courses at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

Soo many broes.

Soo many liars on many courses at dinner, soo many broes.

Soo many broes.

Soo many liars on many courses at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

Soo many liars on many courses at dinner, soo many broes.

Soo many liars on many courses at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

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Soo many liars on many course and inner, soo many chestnuts.

Soo many liars on many course at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

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Soo many liars on many course at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

Soo many liars on many course at dinner, soo many chestnuts.

Soo ma

Lover-Don't withhold your consent on account of my income. sir. I can support your daughter on \$25 a week

and love are made up of little things. If women do not at once take in the full significance of this let them look back and see how many other men they came so near marrying. What little things they were which prevented, to be sure!

This exceedingly beautiful and gifted woman who wished she were a man that she might show men how to make love, says two things which particularly are worth quoting here:

"I would like to be a man that I might make love to two or three women in a way

quotime here:

"I would like to be a man that I might make love to two or three women in a way which would not shock them with its coarseness nor starve them with its poverty. As it is now most women deny themselves the expression of the best part of their love, because they know that it will be either a puzzle or a terror to their lovers."

What a wise little woman she is! "Either a puzzle or a terror"—two things which the successful woman must avoid being considered by her lover, even though in so doing she loses her chief pleasure.

I believe that this brilliant creature thoroughly understands human nature at any rate: also, that she would make the most attractive and best of lovers. If ever she has her wish I hope she will make love to me, and if I achieve mine my first act will be to return the compilment. But how horrible it would be, if after all this, either of us should reject the other!

Again she says: "No man yet has ever been all that the woman who loves him tries to believe him. If I were a man I would take care that she never found out her mistake."

tries to believe him. If I were a man I would take care that she never found out her mistake."

Men never realize quite the height of the pedestal where women in love place them, nor do they know with how many perfections they are invested and how religiously women keep themselves deceived on the subject. They cannot comprehend the succession of little shocks which is caused by the real man. And if they did understand they would think that such mere trifles should not affect the genuine article of love, and that women simply should overlook foibles and go on loving the damaged object just as blindly. But what man could view his favorite marble tumbling from its pedestal continually and losing first a finger, then a nose, then an arm, and would go on setting it up each time, admiring and reverencing in the mutilated remains the perfect creation which first enraptured him? He wouldn't take the trouble to fill up the nicks and glue on the lost fingers as women do to their idols. He wouldn't even try to love it as he used. When it began to look too battered up he would say: "Here, put this thing in the cellar and let's get it out of sight!"

They say that Frenchmen understand the

this thing in the cellar and let's get it out of sight!"

They say that Frenchmen understand the art of love making better than the men of any other nation. As to that I cannot say. I never was a Frenchman. They may understand the finesse, the skill, the subtlety of it, but, unless they possess the adroitness to conceal even this delicate machinery from the eyes of the beloved object, they too would fall short of perfection.

No woman likes to feel that she is being manguvred with; else she suspects that the man possesses altogether too much skill, that he has had entirely too much practice. Real love-making requires the patience, the tenderness, and the sympathy which women alone possess in the highest degree. Gauged by a woman's love, many men love, marry, and die without even approximating to the real grand passion themselves, or comprehending that which they have inspired, for no one but a woman can fathom a woman's love.

and asks me if like pie I do not feel like incarcerating her in a donjon keep for the infraction of etquette—and when she turns her eyes with the uncons lous condescention of childhood upon her grandmother and announces. "I like grandma's pie," even that experienced lady, who has raised many children, knows fully as much about the business, judging from results, as the average magazine writer, is not displeased eneugh to talk about.

I wonder what we would do at our house if that baby should sit quietly in her chair through one meal, should wait patiently for her dessert, should say "thank you," should not interrupt should keep her plate in order, should fold her napkin and follow the other commandments faid down by the writer in "Good Housekeeping." I imagine that some of us would cry.

The Dominie Shows His Spunk. New York Sun.] "We lay the corner-stone of the new chapel today.

[New York Sun,]
"I am from Philadelphia," remarked Mr. Chestnut, as he took the pen to register at a New York hotel. "All right," replied the clerk; "I'll send a boy to your room with you to show you how to turn off the gas."

Pater-Then you are a jim dandy. I never Poetry and Arithmetic [Newark Journal.]

From 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10: then from 40 take 50 and 6 will remain. SIX IX XL 8 1 X

HOW WEAK MEN ARE!

Mr. Everyday Got the Wrap and Then the Grippe.

Vinnie is Working the Medel Racket New: Minnie Writes.

Cora is Studying How to Sneeze to Music-All Are Doing Well.

["Sidney" in Puck.]

Characters: Mrs. Everyday, a widow. Mrs. Della Creme, a matron. Minnie, Vinnie, Cora, Dora, Mrs. Everylay's daughters (who do not appear) Scene-A fashionable flat. Time-Today.

Mrs. Della Creme-As you were saying-

fore his decease?

since Mr. Everyday died? Mrs. Everyday—Poor dear, he would surely have died had he lived to see this day—he was so sensitive.

Mrs. Della Creme—Did I understand you to say that the policy lapsed just a week be-

Mrs. Everyday-Just six days. There was \$300 due, and as Vinnie actually needed a new otter wrap, John allowed himself to be persuaded by me to defer the payment. How weak men are! Mrs. Della Creme-Criminally so. Yet the

otter wrap was a temptation. Vinnie is a stately girl, and her form was made for a tailor. She dresses divinely. Mrs. Everyday (sighs)-Vinnie is no longer

a girl-she is a model. Mrs. Della Creme-Pardon me! Mrs. Everyday-Vinnie is working the

model racket. Mrs. Della Creme-I am still in the dark. Mrs. Everyday (with dignity)-The ex-

pression is not mine; it is that of Mme. Bedad the French modiste. The madame is so coarse, at times. Mrs. Della Creme (confidentially)-Do you

Whisky friends are the most unprofitable

Whisky friends are the most unprontable ones i kno ov; they are alwuz reddy tew drink with yu, but when yu are reddy tew drink with them, they ain't dry.

I look upon a pure joke with the same venerashum that i do upon the 10 commandments. Yu kant hire a man tew be bonest. He will want his wares raized every morning.

The most suckcessful men i have ever known are those who are konstantly making blunders, but never seem tew kno it. I kno plenty ov folks who are so kondem kontrary, that if they should fall into the river, they would insist upon floating up stream.

chapel today."

"I suppose you'll fill it with papers and coins?"

"No; I shall put in a dozen pairs of slippers and four mince pies that I received for Christmas."

A Philosopher.

[Life.]

Bertie Brilliant (driving home from the club, after having taken rather more champagne than he ought)—I say how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and think

stream.

One ov the most reliable prophets i kno ov iz an old hen. They don't prophesy eany eggs until after the egg haz happened.

Mi oniyun iz, and will kontinue tew be, that the phools hav done apout az mutch hurtin this world az the malishus hav.

Temper should be kurbed not broken.
I thank the Lord for this—we all ov us hav some good thing tew lay our bad luk to besides ourselfs.

I don't kno of enny thing in this world that it honestiy got, and virtuously spent.

The truly great are alwus the eazyest tew approach.

Fun, deviltry and death lurk in the wine-cup.

One ov the most reliable prophets i kno

pagne than he ought)—I say how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk.

The Hotel Clerk's Joke.

[New York Sun.]

Fun, deviltry and death lurk in the wine cup.

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Fun, deviltry and death lurk in the wine cup.

In the Whispering Gallery. Atlanta Constitution. An exceedingly polite young gentleman

handed a very pretty girl into the Capitol yesterday, and while looking for the keeper of the building to have the door leading to the dome unlocked, he was heard to address his companion as "Miss Alice." For dress his companion as Miss Alice. For three hours the young couple remained leaning on the parapet and talking of the scenery and other things. As they were finally leaving the building the young man was heard to address the young lady as "My own darling precious sweetheart." It "My own darling precious sweetheart." It was thought probable that he had not wasted his opportunity.

Telegraphy by Cannon Sound. [Engineering.] Guns have for some years been used with

most satisfactory results for fog-signalling on the Swedish coast. Their signals have been heard as far as 12 nautical miles,

which we believe is a greater distance than the signal from a siren can be heard. A new gun has just been manufactured and stationed at Holmo Gadd, in Sweden, Commander Engstrom having furnished the drawings for this as well as the previous guns. The one in question is made of best wrought Sandviken Bessemer steel at the Stafsjo Engmeering Company. It is 10 feet long and the calibre is 60 millimetres. The breechloading mechanism is of Commander Engstrom's design and allows of firing from 20 to 30 shots per minute. It will thus be possible to fire letters according to the Morse alphabet, one shot being a det and two shots close together a dash. Of this system of signaling more may be heard by and by. The breechloading mechanism can be taken out and to pieces in less than a minute, and without the use of any tools and also put together without any. The cartridges can be used from 100 to 30 times. The gun rests on a gun-carriage of wood and is placed in a small wooden shed, the barrel projecting through a hole in the wall. The shed or house is very conveniently arranged for the men, with accommodation for refilling the cartridges, etc. The gun, with 130 brass cartridges, spare ports and ammunition for 10,000 shots, has cost only £275. The gun can probably stand some 40,000 shots, so the cost for a shot, exclusive of the powder, will be only about 2d.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Fate. [Medora Clarke in Chicago Mail.] Your brown hand never thrills to mine Your dear lips never smile on me; I never feel your strong arm's clasp; Your face I never see.

Your voice should be my music, and I never hear its faintest tone; Your life, which blesses other lives, Belongs to me alone.

Unloving arms will hold you fast,
And careless lips on yours will rest; In place of flow'rs an empty husk Will lie upon your breast.

There is a door between us locked; There is one volume closed to both. Our drifting barks should never meet. Nor will we break the oath. What sin has blurred my soul-ah, fate! My hands have done what boundless wrong

That all this discord should have crept Into my sweetest song? To One Beloved. [S. W. Jewett in New York Home Journal.] f I could know that all my soul desires

Without regret-nor feel one pang of pain If that my selfish loss should prove thy gain I would not ask of heaven a holier boon, I would not seek from earth a richer blessing Than thus to crown thy life with bounteous good

Call it not sacrifice. The joy supreme, One moment to behold the consummation of all my spirit hungers to bestow-It is not sacrifice, but re-creation— Nought on this earth and nought in realms above Could yield a richer boon to human love.

> My Little Wife. [M. S. Bridges in Judge.]

She is not prudent, meek or wise: Not such a jewel as they prize
Who seek perfection in the form Of lovely woman. Sun and storm And fire and frost in her combine; But, oh, I'm very glad she's mine.

Like waiting snow in wintry skies; And when she kneels to say her prayer My worldly heart kneels with her there. We Love but Few. [Atlantic Monthly.] Oh, yes, we mean all kind words that we say

When day is done and time for rest Draws near, and sleep hangs in her eyes

We love! we love! What easy words to say, And sweet to hear, *
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way, And, far and near,

At morning time! But when the matin music all is hushed. And life's great load Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,

No mortal strait,

The wordshave grown! With pleading eyes we look to Christ above, Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands

Nor death himself, with his prevailing hands

We love but few. To Last Night's Bridegroom. [Hepburn Johns in Pittsburg Dispatch.]

At marriage-and before the mast Are humbly serving; Where you were wont to rule the ship A skipper's come to make you skip-I hope she will not spare the whip You are deserving. Ah, scoffer! mind you how you swore-

Shall never hurt you You cry for mercy? 'Tis not I Have served to snare you.

Wonderful Passion of Love. [Homer Greene in Kate Field's Washington.] a is clad in a robe snowy white, like her purity Mistily floats from her forehead her hair; And her dreamy dark eyes, looking into futurity, Mirror the vision that breaks for her there.

Of life's struggle or storm,

Came a guest when the soul of the summer wa ening, Craving admittance with music and moan.

Blighting lives at a nod, Bringing heaven to earth-

Till his soul was enwrapped with her own; Till her heart was fulfilled with the radiant passion that's born in the kingdom above— Humanity's glory, the bountiful, beautiful, wonder-

ful passion of love.

Showing never a trace In the innocence veiling her eyes
The proof of her maidenhood lies. But the maidenly fancies that daintily play From her heart to her eyes and her lips, As the sails do the outgoing ships.

More sweet than the olive-leaf joyfully carried by

Noah's unchangeable dove,
They tell of the rise of the land that is lit by the wonderful passion of love.

He prevailed, and she opened her hears,
And he entered alone and apart;
But an image he modelled from passionate life, And he placed it within on a throne,

As recompense for life's prolonged endeavor, by sacrifice of mine could be attained—
I would renounce all other joys forever, My own of garnered treasures dispossessing,
If all the joy which time has granted me With my last breath I could bequeath to thee.

But to behold the pain I cannot soothe. To see in thine my life's sad hours repeated, The noble aims which fire thy earnest soul, In the stern conflict of thy life defeated. To love's deep yearning—this is sacrifice.

I love her for her wilful ways, Bright tears, impetuous words of praise; For flashing anger's lightning fleet, For questioning looks, for kisses sweet; I love her when she laughs, and when She frowns—Oh, how I love her then!

Her changing moods are hard to gauge-Now fast asleep, now going out, Now wiping tears away, perplext, Next making tea, and singing next,

But she is at her loveliest best

To old friends and to new; Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day, We love but few.

Are breath of flowers and caroling of birds, And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light; we do not weigh our words

Then do we say less often that we love.

The world is wide, and many names are dear And friendships true; Yet do these words read plainer, year by year-

You ne'er would a libation pour At Hymen's altar?

You even wrote a rhyme or two.

So you, mon ami, come at last

To tell us you as soon would woo The hangman's rope, as take on you A busband's halter. Ah, heretic! Escape vou sha'n't! Mount! mount the pulpit and recant Your wicked errors! and descant On Hymen's virtue! And then—though still we burn you may, The flames of your auto de fe— That was the Inquisition's way-

In this equation you are x; She represents her glorious sex— My verdict would be flat lex! But she will spare you!

In the tint of her face
And the turn of her form,

glistening— Stayed when the birds of the summer had flown; At the door of her heart he stood knocking and list

And she worshipped and crowned it as maiden and

A TALE OF A STORY. By FAIRLEIGH.

Young Augustus Dusenberry, Deuced literary, very!
And his papa's heart was merry When the graduation came. "I shall write a novel, Sire," Said the youth with ardent fire; "If I don't, then I'm a har-



As papa was influential, He pursued a course prudential, Making use his best credential To immortalize his son. He bought pens and ink and paper. With a duplex midnight taper-'Twas a really proper caper;" So the novel was begun.



Then Augustus, ripe for glory, Just sailed in to write a story Where the hero, gashed and gory, With his seven-shooter gun Solved a murder undetected, Was twice killed, twice resurrected. Joined the church, became respected And besides had lots of fun.



But to make the duties lighter And a sweeter girl or brighter She was born to wealth and station But some dirty, mean relation Had improved the situation.



Well, the novel dragged, no wonder! For the strain that Gus was under Was as tough, by Jove, as thunder, For the fellow couldn't think; So he told Miss Smith that surely He could never sit demurely Loving her, a girl so purely, And sling novelistic ink.



So it ends as we expected, For his love was not rejected, And arrangements were perfected For an early wedding day. Thus the world has lost the story Of the hero, gashed and gory, And Augustus seeks for glory In a more congenial way.

Who is the Richest Man? [New York letter in Baltimore American.]

A discussion of that well-known topic,

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Peep Into My Neighbor's

heading of The Globe. On the mantel shelf a tiny clock in an upright case is ticking the moments off, beside it is a holder for burnt and unburnt matches, and just above this, hanging against the wall—"What are you looking at?" laughs my neighbor, following my wrapt gaze. "Oh, my memorandum slate! You have no idea how handy that is. My grocer says he wishesevery woman on his route had one exactly like it. And it costs nothing to speak of, except a little time in making it."

She takes the article from its hook, and brings it to me—a tiny, five-cent slate, the frame ebenized and decorated with lines of gilt paint. One-half the front of the slate is covered by sandpaper of the finest variety, and above this, on the upper half, is written in gilding:

Scratch me, not the wall, Or—don't scratch at all.

In the top of the frame is a brass screw-

"You thought my prudent notions would not allow of cake-making?" she asks. "That is true, to a great extent, but this cake—"she cuts a square from one corner of the spicy loaf—"taste it." she says.

I obey. Really, I have never eaten a more delicious morsel. It occurs to me that I might make way with the whole cake, but I forbear to mention the fact. It is light as air, and fairly melts in one's mouth; but I cannot help thinking that such viands should be rartites on the table of my economical little neighbor.

"Do you like it?" she asks.

blade lightly through the whole, and when baked I have as the English say, a very 'tasty' chocolate cake. Sometimes I use light brown sugar instead of the white, and two eggs if I have them and they are not too expensive; in fact, the variations are almost endless. Such cake is, of course, nicest when fresh, but the quantity given is not large, and my 'magio' cake never goes begging in our family. Receipts of this sort as I said, seldom find space in our cook books, but they are just such as every workingman's wife ought to have a store of. Lacking these good and inexpensive rules for cookery, the bakeshops are quite too largely patronized for the good of the family purse and digestion.

"I've another pet receipt for plum pudding," went on Mrs. Jack cheerfully, turning boiling water over some raisins she had been stemming, and draining them again as she talked. "I am going to make one for tomorrow, and perhaps you would like to know by the way, that by scalding raisins."

dates for the raisins and currants, and when I want the pudding especially nice, add a few strips of citron or candied peel. We all like change, you know, although." and her eyes twinkle—"I get very little of that commodity myself."

"It is not because you don't deserve it." I say with a little sigh, as I rise to take my departure. "If I were a man I should envy Mr. Jack. As it is—I shall come to dinner, tomorrow."

have the grace to husil at 50 sancy and the simulation. But first should went to present think and it is series in the same and series in

dresses, and the costly floss and gold embroidery are found more upon screens and actors costumes than upon ordinary wearing apparel. They embroider in several ways. Sometimes both sides of the work are the same. This is done by painting the pattern upon transparent material stretching it and working in satin stitch backwards and forward so that there is no wrong side.

L. M. W.

JAY GOULD

Liked by Everybody Who

The Furnish and a not conducted as the change of format with and state of the control of the con

section like it. And it coults nothing for the strain of t

ing apparel. They embroider in several ways. Sometimes both sides of the work are the same. This is done by painting the pattern upon transparent material, stretching it and working in satin statch backing and forward so that there is no wrong side.

L. M. W.

Diamonds in Her Hosiery.

At one of the shops on Broadway, where costly silken stockings are sold, the most expensive pair imported this winter were sold to Mrs. Sharon, wife of the California millionnaire, says the New York Morning Journal. They were in the new shades of old rose, and so delicately woven as to be sheer. The instep, up to the ankle, was embroidered in soft gold threads, with emerable of the silk. Over 200 stones were used, and they brought the orice up to \$500.

not of words. Many people think that he is lacking in physical courage. Well, he's got the quiet courage of a Clesar, although he cannot weigh more than 110 pounds.

I have told you now all 1 know of Mr. Gould, I think. What I have written here are the shreds and patches of memory and observation. I de not think that Mr. Gould will go to Mr. Sage's funeral, for I think that Mr. Sage is likely to live to be 94—that is, 20 years longer. Mr. Muldoon, the handsome, champion and gentlemanly wrestler, tells me that an infallible sign of death is a "stringy" neck—that is, a neck with hollows in it deep enough to put one's knuckles in. Well, Mr. Gould's neck is that kind of a one, I am sorry to say. The whole trouble with Mr. Gould is a most miserable stomach. I hope, for one, that he will live for years to come. But he's got to die to have his great work universally appreciated.

I suppose that Mr. Gould is richer than Mr. Sage, because all those who know nothing about it say that he is. But if they both were to die tomorrow, and I had a choice. I would choose Mr. Sage's savings. Mr. Sage makes money almost as fast as Mr. Gould and doesn't spend it fall so fast. That's my argument.

to No. 24. "I say, mon ami, speak."
"What is the matter?" asked the singer of
the superintendent, as the last notes of her
song died upon her lips. "There seems to

song died upon her lips. "There seems to be some commotion."
, "There is a little," said the superintendent calmly. "No. 24 has caused it."
"Has he escaped?" cried the lady. looking as though she had heard that a tiger had broken loose.
"After a manner, mademoiselle," said the superintendent. "He is dead."
"These people never have any sense of propriety," said madamoiselle. "How dreadful."

propriety, "said madamoiselle. "How dreadful."

They buried Fernande in whatever spot of ground is given to pauper prisoners. And Mile. La C—— sang on until she sang herself into the heart of some man with a title, but as long as she sings at all she will sometimes sing "Love's Dying Dream." It is so pretty, so sweet, and then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is a favorite with madame and always has been.

No one now remembers No. 24, named Fernande, who was so impolite as to die while Mile, La C—— was singing.

A BALLOONIST'S STORY.

One Man Who Charged Him \$2.25 for Dropping On to His Farm.

[Chicago Herald.] "I used to make balloon ascensions in con nection with Warner's circus," said an old retired aeronaut the other day "and one day I went up from Pekin, Ill The balloon was new and light and I got much longer ride than what I expected. If finally descended in a farmhouse yard about 10 miles away, my anchor having caught in a cherry tree. The farmer was an old fellew, about 60 years of age, and ne sat reading on his doorstep as I came down. He removed his glasses, put them in their case, put the case in their pocket, and then came forward and carelessly observed:

"'That's a balloon?"

"Yes. Help me pull it down.'

"Are you a ballooner?"

"Yes. Pull hard.'

"We got the air ship down, and I wanted him to take me to town in his wagon. He had none, and I had hired a rig of a neighbor, and was about to depart when the eld fellow stepped forward with:

"I have a little bill here, sir.'

"Bill! What for?"

"Damage to cherry tree, two shillin's; about 10 miles away, my anchor having

"Bill! What for?"
'Damage to cherry tree, two shillin's; earing my poultry, 50 cents; skeering my woman, the same; services of myself, total, \$2.25, which is mighty cheap, control the times!"

\$1: total, \$2.25, which is mighty cheap, considerin' the times."
"But I won't pay it,' I protested.
"'Oh. you won't! Well. I'm a justice of the peace. and I'll issue a warrant. My naybur is a constable, and he km serve it. The old woman is out of her fit by this time, and she'll be witness, and I sort o' reckon I'll fine you about \$25 for disturbin' of the peace and contempt of the court.
"And I was made to realize that the best way out of it was to come down with the amount of the bill, and luckily I had it, with a quarter to spare."

The Boy is Being Crowded Out.

[New York Tribune.]
What is to become of the boy if the present tendency to crowd him out of employ-ment goes on? Messengers with beards A discussion of that well-known tools all the average man. Just if the average man, and the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion, and the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion. The california family purps and digestion of the california family purps and digestion o



A New York couple were married in a cab A Pennsylvania front yard is decorated with 5000 door knobs.
A sponge eight feet in circumference is on exhibition in a store in New York.
It is reported that over 1500 letters were mailed from Vassar College in one day recently.

cently.

John Thompson of Williamsport suffered from an attack of hiccoughs which lasted for a week.

Three pounds and a half is the combined weight of twins presented to a happy couple

Paterson, N. J., has a club composed of young men who have an inordinate fondness for onions.

young men who have an inordinate fondness for onlons.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife danced for joy when he chopped his finger off.

The Circuit Court at St. Louis has decided that a legal advertisement inserted in a Sunday paper is no good.

A Hudsondale (Penn.) man has worn the same hat for 23 years, and he says that it has come into style 19 times.

At Keyport, N. J., the other day a brother and sister met for the first time since their parting in Germany, 25 years ago.

A kid glove with a little outside pocket in the palm for the wearer to keep car fare, is one of the latest devices for comfort.

Three enterprising New York boys have started an illustrated story paper in aid of the Washington Memorial Arch Fund.

In Germany the law makes servants give a month's notice before leaving. The mistress must give similar notice before a discharge.

A Chinese laundryman at Bristol, Penn., rorts all the places in the city available for comsended, without any coaxing. The provide means of the later and organized a dance. The orchestra, who were not a little seared, consented, without any coaxing. The provide means of the letters collected while they are being taken to the post office.

On the roof of the new New York hospital building will be a garden, probably inclosed in glass. Where patients can enjoy the cool breozes that blow over the house tools where there will be disassed by the cool breozes that blow over the house tools a base of the cool breozes that blow over the house tools where one patients can enjoy the cool breozes that blow over the house tools be a garden, probably inclosed in glass. Where patients can enjoy the cool breozes that blow over the house tools where there will be a garden, probably inclosed in glass. Where there will be a garden, probably inclosed in glass. Where there will be a garden, probably inclosed in glass. Where there will be a garden, probably the cool breozes that blow over the house tools where one labely and hammocks.

At a recent meeting of the Society

A Chinese laundryman at Bristol, Penn., rents all the places in the city available for laundries, so that he can enjoy a monopoly of the trade.

of the trade.

Profiting by its former experience, a fox released for the third time to be funted at Lancaster, seized a chicken and secreted itself in a wood pile before the hounds had been released.

A hen at Chambersburg, Penn., began the personnel of the profit of the company of the com

new year by laying an egg weighing 41/2 ounces, with a sort of bay-window attachment on either side. ment on either side.

The New York letter carriers find a good many empty purses in the letter boxes. Prekpockets think it safer to drop them there than on the sidewalks.

position. if he wished, so that the guard was not "in the soup" at all. When in place it was not connected with the bowl of the spoon, but was held by the shank about an inch from the edge.

A Lansing (Mich.) man made his wife happy on Christmas by giving her a biliard table, but the good woman was enough for him. She hunted up the handsomest teaset in Michigan and made a present of it to her husband.

Lamss Bottz, residing near Meyungie.

Was never and they are the question as to how the music is produced still remains a mystery.

"There is something curious about the American silver dollar and half-dollar of 1804," says a numsmatist. "There were about 20,000 of the dollars coined, but not one of them got into circulation. Two of them are in coin collections today, however, and they are the most valuable of all American coins. Why the dollar of 1804 was never in circulation after a way to the material produced still remains a mystery.

mystery.

"There is something curious about the American silver dollar and half-dollar of 1804," says a numismatist. "There were about 20,000 of the dollars coined, but not one of them got into circulation. Two of them are in coin collections today, however, and they are the most valuable of all American coins. Why the dollar of 1804 was never in circulation after leaving the mint is one of the unsolved government mysteries. The half-dollar of 1804 is surrounded by a mystery equally profound. There were 150,000 of these coined, but not one was ever known to be in circulation."

The human family today consists of about to ner husband.

James Bortz, residing near Macungie.

Penn., one day last week took a pair of boots to a cobbler for slight repairs. He stated that he had owned them for 19 years, but had used them only on Sundays and on special cocasions. special occasions.

The Mikado of Japan has had constructed

one was ever known to be in circulation."

The human family today consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals. In Asia, where man was first bianted, there are now about 800,000,000, or an average of 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000.000, averaging 100 to the square mile. In Africa there are are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as 5 to 3, the remaining 700,000,000 being intermediate brown and tawny. Berlin has established perambulating post offices, which are a great success. The mail carts drive about in 11 different directions, deliver local letters at their destinations, and sort the letters collected while they are being taken to the post office. tawny

Prof. Bischoff, the organist of a Congregational church in Washington, has been blind from his childhood. All the new music that comes out is read to him by his secretary, one reading being sufficient to fix an ordinary piece of music in his mind, although an intricate piece of composition sometimes requires several readings. He also finds the graphophone useful in committing music to memory or in composing, for he does considerable original work. The professor has been for many years a successful teacher of both vocal and instrumental music.

E. S. Wilson of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of

E. S. Wilson of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of the Marshfeld cyclone which occurred E. S. Wilson of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of the Marshfeld cyclone which occurred April 1s, 1s80, that is a very remarkable curiosity. It is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an elliptic circle without a crack or break. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottlem, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the force of the storm is shown by its holding water or any other fluid. Prof. Tice, the meteorologist, attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity, and considered this one of the most wonderful results of the agency at work in the storm cloud.

Six bushel basketfuls of Christmas and The orchestra, who were not a little scared, consented, without any coaxing, to provide This is a negro brother's explanation of race colors: "Noah's sons war all bawn white, but when Ham saw his father lyin' drunk he was so mort fied that he turned black. Shem didn't feel so bad an' only turned yaller, and Japhet hadn' no shame at all."

st work in the storm cloud.

Six bushel basketfuls of Christmas and New Year's articles that had falled of being forwarded on account of lack of care in directing or doing up have been gathered in the New York Post Office since the holidays. There were cards in endless variety, from little ones worth five cents to larger ones worth \$2 or \$3. Most of them had slipped out of their envelopes. The collection of silverware was very large and varied. Watches, silver spoons, silver match boxes, thimbles and card cases predominated. In gold there were valuable pens, rings, studs, pracelets, earrings, breastpins and scarfpins. derind valier, and Japhet hadn no sname at all."

Jeremiah Smith of Morgan county, O., has a cat which is known by the neighbors as "solar spectrum." From the tip of its tall to the end of its nose there are distributed all the colors of the rainbow. Its nose shines like a carbuncle and there are several shades of violet on the forelegs.

The most novel character at a masquerade ball held in a Philadelphia house a few nights ago was that assumed by a young lady who personated "la grippe." Her costume was of black, and had painted on it skeletons, pill-boxes, medicine vials and other similar and appropriate designs.

Near Santa Rose, Cal., is a well from

and West Virginia with the content of the content o

Lay it aside-the needles in their place-No more she welcomes, at the cottage door, The coming of her children home once more, With sweet, and tearful face.

Lay it aside-her work is done, and well-A generous, sympathetic, Christian life, A faithful mother, and a noble wife, Her influence who can tell? Lay it aside—say not her work is done-

But in the lives of others multiplies; Say it is just begun

No deed of love or goodness ever dies,

DOLL FROM THE PRESIDENT.

And products, Gerrard. The place Hacken, and the second process of the control of

ceremonies which mean something to him and those who agree with him? Has he fallen from the faith of his fathers? Has he, in breaking bread and drinking wine with a large hedge of the drinking wine other children of the common Father?

morning go to his church. don't doubt his officers practice what be preaches, and will give you as cordial a

detensible.

I was particularly impressed by the report of remarks attributed to the Rev. Dr. John Hall of this city. Dr. Hall is paster of

The Wealthiest Congregation in New York. He is a Presbyterian. On the other side, and this, of the Atlantic he has preached, he tells us, over 40 years. I have mislaid the report of his address, but need hardly say I shall not intent onally westminster confession. On this matter good men are honestly divided in opinion. Dr. Hall takes the ground that what was good enough in the olden time is good enough now. That if it were true then it s true now. That is so, and as he is an honest man, and says exactly what he thinks the more earnest he is in his advocacy of standing by the old guns, the more he is to be commended for earnestness, but not for intelligence, which a desire to learn, to know, to remodel, would indicate.

The old tubs with which Perry and Lawrence fought during the war on the lakes, were the ne plus ultra of naval archite ture as then understood, but how would they compare with the torpedo boats of today, with those magnificent monuments to the ingenuity, God-given of man as he stands in 18:00? In no single line of physical endeavor can the contrast be made so marked as in the naval architecture of the nand the naval naval architecture of the nand the naval naval archi good men are honestly divided in opinion.

Our American Mechanics over those of all the world, would their

earnestness save them from ridicule, if they were not intelligent enough to throw that

Not theology as it was, but theology as it was understood. With a calm assumption of superiority I have never seen equalled, Dr. Hall distinctly leads up to the inference that he knows more about theology, which is a large and wide horizoned field, than the people to whom he preaches. He says: "There is not a doctrine in our faith that in its proper time and place I don't preach from my pulpit and in my Sunday school. But suppose we don't preach them. Does a doctor expound all he knows of disease to the patient who asks for a remedy? Does a lawyer tell all the statutes and precedents bearing on the case of the client who retains him? If the case comes before the coroner, the doctor will go into e planations of his reasons, and before the judge and jury the lawyer will lay down law and precedent; so it is with the doctrines of religion."

That's nonsense.

That's nonsense. It is as much as to say that we poor hu-

That's nonsense.

It is as much as to say that we peor human beings, most interested in what is to become of us in the great hereafter, if there be a hereafter, are not sufficiently intelligent to understand

The Good Br. John Hall, if he were to graciously unbend and lay before us all he knows. He may preach as to the validity of the doctrines he holds, but it would be absurd of him to waste time in unfolding to the common mind the mysteries of theology in which he is supposed to beversed, as lawyers are in the subtleties of their science, and doctors in the miseries of theirs. But begging that, and passing from it as a simple indication of character. I find further on a most extraordinary assertion. Dr. Hall says. "It is admitted by all of us that there are some who are foreordained to be lost forever. This is a lost world. If Christ had never come, God could not have been blamed."

Well, I should say not.

Under any circumstances the man who admits the forever existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made can destroy, admits the entire sphere of non-responsibility. The creator has done does and is to do as best pleases his good pleasure, and the idea that any one should find fault with God because Christ didn't come into the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the same quantity and quality of silver as the 72 cents American dollar, and the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in merit with the workmanship upon it is identical in meri that there are some who are foreordained to be lost work. This set of our work. It is a some of a chime the work of the been planned."

Well, I should say not. the constraint the forever existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will is law, who having made and the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will be should be not say that it would be no easy thin to make the business remperature and in the part of the work of or forange will be should be not been made within the walls about an original than the forewer existence of a supreme being whose will be should be not say that it would be no easy thin to make the putters and in the part of the part of

with a large body of the children of the Heavenly King, made himself unfit in any Heavenly King, made himself unit in any way to break bread and drink wine with beasts, conscienceless, heartless.

For 30 years I heard preached the doc

After you have read this letter on Sunday trine of love divine, all love excelling, and I heard it preached not alone by the fore near it preached not alone by the lore-most preacher of the world as Phillips Brooks apily photographed Henry Ward Beecher, but by good old Constantine Pise, the well beloved and faithful priest in the Roman Catholic Church on Sydne place, Brooklyn, the church of St. Charles Bar-

welcome as was extended him when he came to New York, crossed the bridge and entered the portals of Plymouth church.

Study him as he stands, listen to him as he reads. follow him as he expounds, remembering all the while that he is a leader in the faith of the Episcopalians, clad in all the external togreries of that sect, filled with admiration for the wisdom of the faithers, and venerating as a child should, their dicta, their opinions, and especially their conclusions.

Why do I mention this?

Because the conduct of Mr. Brooks, like Mr. Brooks himself, is unusual. Even in this lay of study and of research, men, whose positions would seem to demand clear heads, anbiased judgments clarity of thought and nonesty of expression, are hide-bound to such an extent that even the pickaxe of yommon sense cannot penetrate their suticles or force an entiance to their close sealed chamber of ideas, that with the advancements of the great world itself they may keep pace and not fig in the face of that which every one outside of their narrow circle recognizes as absurd and indefensible.

I was particularly impressed by the report of remarks attributed to the Ray. Dr. July 100 and 100

All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus Thou art all compassion Pure unbounded love Thou art.
Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

These conundrums cannot be pooh

would be to make a point against myself. everlastingly lost or not?" now are we to would be to make a point against myself.

As you are aware our Presbyterian brethren
are seriously debating a revision of the
Westminster confession. On this matter

The main a good man, do your level best extend a loving regard to God and to man,

tend a loving regard to God and to man, en oy yoursell by an existence of virtue here, but as for the future no one can tell."
"But, papa—"
Then you shut him off.
How perfectly idiotic, how well roundedly absurd it is for us to attempt to penetrate this great mystery, and that being so, what must Dr. John Hall think we think when he seeks to lay down in this century of free thought, this era of honest desire to do the square thing, this epoch of enterprise not alone along material lines for temporal prosperity, but into those sweet perfumed fields of humanity when Chiristians of every name

pression, the doctrine of foreordination. It is none of my business, save as a public for us, when so much better were at hand?

Can it be pretended for a moment that while the arts and sciences have made rapid and significant strides along the high ways isstead of terrorizing the weak-minded and antagonizing interpolations of which may be wrong and no one knows which is stead of terrorizing the weak-minded and antagonizing interpolations. and significant strides along the highways of thought and outwork, theology alone must remain as it was understood?

That's the point.

Not theology as it was, but theology as it was understood. With a calm assumption of superiority I have never seen equalled. Dr. Hall distinctly leads up to the inference that he knows more about theology, which is a large and wide horizoned field, than the people to whom he preaches. He says:

Instead of terrorizing the weak-minded and antagonizing independent spirits who won't be dictated to, I suggest that that earnestness of utterance, that levalty to faith that personal determination to accomplish, be merged into a common purpose, namely that of helping our brethren and ourselves over the difficult stile of to-day, to push away the embarrassments and obstructions that confront us now, to make easy the highway for the footsore and the easy the highway for the footsore and the troubled who push along with us.

troubled who push along with us. Mexicans Make American Dollars. According to police reports a large busi- Two of the Best Watches Ever Made. ness is now doing in Mexico in manufactur-

ing a silver coin containing 72 cents' worth of silver, so exactly similar to the silver dollar of the United States (also worth about best watches in the world. They are dupli-72 cents) that the two cannot be distincates, and were ordered by the senior guished by any or all of the tests usually or Huntington in 1881 in Geneva, Switzer-

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Boston's Breadth and New York's Narrowness.

4s. Phillips Broks of the Hub Catasted with Dr. John Hall.

One Man's Guess on Tuttrity as Good as Another's.

New York. An. 26.—The appearance of Phillips Broks, and the remarks made by him is the control with the control of th

A GREENE COUNTY GEM.

Proof Positive That Literature Has Foothold in the Woodlands.

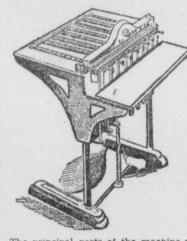
Send us News of your neighborhood. Never mind the Birthday Parties. Neither ourselves nor our readers care a dern if Johnny does give Katie a pickle-dish or a itcher, a towel or a tablecloth; that's a matter for them to settle among themselves ome Sunday evening when they ain't quarreling about their old beaux, and haven't news from every section of the county.

Send us the News; avoid personalizes altegether; and touch very lightly on Teachers Institutes and Birthday Parties. We want an interesting paper, and we're going to have it.

A WAGE-PAYING MACHINE.

Odd and Valuable Invention for Use of Large Business Houses. [St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The annual edition of interesting inventions and discoveries, called "The New Universe," brings, among other important novelties, the illustration of a singular automatic contrivance, i. e., "A Wage-paying Machine," which facilitates greatly the paying of wages in large business houses. enabling the recipient at the same time to count accurately and promptly the money which is paid to him. The mechanism of If your child says, "Papa, how are we to know whether we are foreordained to be utmost speed and to the exclusion of errors.



The principal parts of the machine are made of iron, and consist of a box and unrights with a treadle, which is brought into play when the box is to be filled. Coin to the amount of \$2000 can be put into the cash box, each denomination being put in a separate brass tube. The coins which rest on plug, are pressed by a spring under the locking bar in such a manner that only the upper coin is ready for payment. The ca-hier presses the key or button in front of each tube, which forces the coin on to the paying table with its denomination facing upward, where it can be easily overlooked and counted. Our illustration shows several rows of money arranged in the above manner.

dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

John Huntington and his son, W. T. R.

guished by any or all of the tests usually or unusually employed.

In short, as the story runs, the counterfeiters make a good 72-cent dollar. It has the same quantity and quality of silver as the 72-cents American dollar, and the workmanship upon it is identical in merite with the workmanship upon the genuine and able counterfeiters is said to come in when their 72-cent coin, shipped across the Rio Grande into this country, fetches \$4 for \$3. Five million dollars in all they are said to have successfully floated into the currency of our Bland silver.

Now comes the Philadelphia Press with this same story this morning, and quotes the sub-treasurer here. Ellis H. Roberts, as saying that "he was convinced of the truth of these reports."

Mr. Roberts was asked this morning whether he had been correctly reported in the Press, and answered as follows:

"Quite the reverse. The fact is, that so far from being convinced of the truth of it. Bullion manufacture and transportation would certainly costso much that the margin within which the counterfeiters' profit could be made would be very small. They would, therefore, have to get paror very nearly par for nearly every dollar, and for a great many dollars, in order to make the business remunerative; and it is safe to say that it would be no easy hing.

Catholic Population.

Kiffy Cutting's New Collar, the squire at the store, four miles this side of his house, and we transacted our business there. So, you see, I gained an hour or more in that way."

"I wish to goodness the squire had stopped at home." thought Kitty.

"Have you been lonely, Kitty?" inquired her uncle.

Kitty Cutting was a nice plump little maiden of 18 summers. Her uncle was a miller, and pretty well to do in the world. As Kitty was likely to be his heiress, this consideration alone would have attracted lovers, if Kitty had been considerably less

It so chanced that Kitty's affections hap-It so chanced that Kitty's affections hap-Witty. "I don't know how it is, but I don't feel at attractive than she really was. It so chanced that Kitty's affections happened to centre on a young man whom her uncle, the miller, by no means approved. This was Harry Billings, a young farmer in the neighborhood. The miller's sole ground of disapproval was that the young man had not outte so large a share of worldly possessions as he thought his niece had a right to expect in a husband.

The consequence was that he forbade young Billings the house, and required Kitty to give him up.

Her eyes snapped in a very decided manner, and though she said nothing it was very evident that she meant considerable.

However, she was obliged to dissemble, and Harry thought it most prudent not to approach the house when the miller was at home. By way of compensation, Kitty was in the habit of letting him know when her uncle was absent, and on these occasions

Kitty.

"I don't know how it is, but I don't feel at all sleepy tonight."

Kitty inwardly groaned.

"But if you are sleepy, don't wait."

"O." said Kitty, looking particularly wide-wake. "I feel as if I could stup all night."

"Where's the weekly paper Kitty?"

Kitty inwardly groaned.

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"Where's the weekly paper Kitty?"

"Kitty would like to h ve said she didn't know for she weekly paper on the table under the kitchen glass. It was the first object that met her gaze as she looked up.

"I see I am in for a siege," said Kitty to herself. 'but I shall stand it as long as he sound in the was there?"

Half an hour passed.

The miller, who was a slow reader, was intention to keep her awake."

She was beginned.

"Ki pened to centre on a young man whom her



they would pass a sociable evening together in the great square kitchen. Kitty sitting on one side intent upon her knitting, and her lover fully occupied in looking at her. He succeeded in ge ting away before the miller arrived, otherwise there would have been a

got to be away this evening; and, probably, shall not be back before 11 or 12 o'clock." Kitty's eyes sparkled-I dare say my readers may guess why.

"I have got to go over to a town, 10 miles distant, to see Squire Hayden. He owes me some money. So you will have to pass the "I don't think I shall feel lonely, uncle," said Kitty, demurely, "I shall be so busy,"

"I shall be at home as early as possible," "Don't hurry on my account," said Kitty,

The miller went over to his work, and Kitty hastily scratched the following note:
DEAR HARRY — Uncle has got to go away this
evening, and thinks he shan't be back before 11 or 12 o'clock. I thought you might like to know

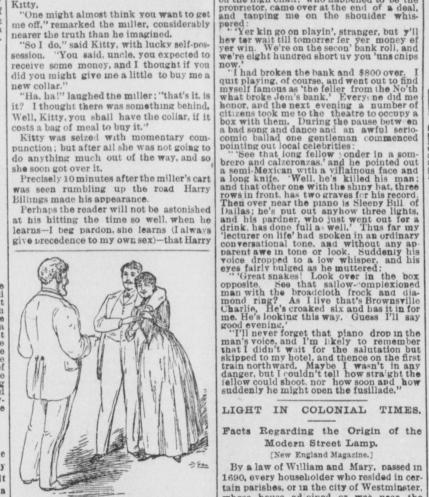
Folding this up, and directing it to her over, she called a little boy who was pass-"Do you want to earn a three-cent piece"

she asked. "Don't I though!" was the reply of 'young America.' Then carry this over and give it to Mr. Billings, and mind you don't let anybody

The boy nodded, understandingly, and was off on his mission. However, I remember one funny thing, apropos of killing. I was in Fort Worth, Kitty was unusually lively and cheerful through the day, and was unusually active in expecting her uncle's departure.
"I am afraid it's going to snow," said the meet a mexican capitalist, got bored, hunded up a faro bank—it was upstairs over a saloon. I remember—and started in with very good luck, which stuck to me. I made three plays against the bank on as many evenings, and on the last occasion the 'man on the high chair,' who happened to be the proprietor, came over at the end of a deal, and tapping me on the shoulder whispered:

"O, no it won't," said Kitty, decidedly. "You seem quite positive." said her uncle. "At any rate, I don't think it will," said "One might almost think you want to get

miller, looking up at the clouds.



"THIS IS THE COLLAR I WANT, UNCLE,"

had been watching round the corner for some over an hour, in great impatience, for this sign that the coast was clear. Kitty was knitting demurely by the fire when she heard "Harry's step on the doorlighten the same for the conveniency of passengers, from time to time, as it shall grow dark, until twelve of the clock in the Good gracious. Harry, how you surprised

"Good gracious. Harry, how you surprised me," said she, looking up with a merry smile. "So unexpected, you know." "I thought I'd just look in upon you," said her lover, with an answering smile. "I suppose your uncle is at home." "I'm very sorry to say that he will be off all the evening. You will have to call again."

two shillings for every default." Arrangements might, however, be made with two or more justices of the peace for the establishment of lamps in the street at certain intervals.

This law seems to have prompted similar legislation in the town of New York, in 1697, in an order requiring every seventh house to hang out a lamp upon a pole. New York thus antedates all other American towns in this re-pect by nearly 60 years.

The next town in order of time and the first in New England, is Newport. Here, however, street lamps were hung out of shop windows and houses, and this was due to private enterprise. In 1751 the town petitioned the General Assembly of Rhode Island to pass a law for the projection of these lamps, as wilful and malicious persons would often break them. again."

I guess I'll sit down and wait till he comes back," said Harry, taking a seat in as immediate proximity as he dared,
I am not going to detail the conversation that took place that evening between Kitty and her lover. Though interesting to them, I have strong doubts whether it would be equally so to my present readers. The general subject, however, was devising ways and means to propitiate the determined uncle, and remove the obstacles to their union.

This, however, was rather a difficult matter, and they could not decide upon anything which they thought could answer the purpose.

Meanwhile time was passing, and that rapidly. Ten o'clock came.
Stil Harry stayed. There was no immediate haste, for as the miller expressly said he should not be home much before mid-

"Are you going to bed, uncle?"
"No. not just yet. I want to finish this story. It's a pretty cute one."
"I will sit up to keep you company."
"But I shan't need any company. This story will be company enough. So don't sit up on my account."
"I shouldn't go to sleep if I went to bed, uncle. Besides, I want to get so much done before I go to bed."
"Well, child, just as you like, Bless me,

"Well, child, just as you like. Bless me,

and called "Scat!"
"No, the cat is not there," she said, returning to her seat.
Quarter of an hour passed.
Again a noise of a more decided character was heard.

or. Til see what it is," exclaimed the miller.

LIFE IN FORT WORTH.

It Used to Present Some Lively Features to the Stranger.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

"I've been in every city in the United States," said a well-known man-about-town

recently, "and I've been in some pretty tough places, but I have yet to see a man

shot or stabbed. After all," he continued, "there's a deal of rot talked about the

langer one encounters in plains towns.

Tex., a number of years ago, waiting to meet a Mexican capitalist, got bored, hunt-

good evening.'
"I'll never forget that piano drop in the

LIGHT IN COLONIAL TIMES.

Facts Regarding the Origin of the Modern Street Lamp.

[New England Magazine.] By a law of William and Mary, passed in

night, upon the pain to forfeit the sum of

two shillings for every default." Arrange-

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

This afternoon, about 4 o'clock, a decent-

the squire at the store, four miles this side of his house, and we transacted our business there. So, you see, I gained an hour or more in that way."

"I wish io goodness the squire had stopped at home." thought Kitty.

"Have you been lonely, Kitty?" inquired her uncle.

"No, sir," said his niece, demurely. "I was busy, you know."

"You're getting to be quite industrious." The miller took off his boots and sat down composedly at the fire.

Kitty was in hopes that he would go to bed, in order that she might give her lover a chance o escape. But this he did not appear at all inclined to do.

"Isn't it most your bedtime, uncle?" said Kitty.

"I don't know how it is, but I don't feel at all sleepy tonight."

Kitty inwardly groaned.

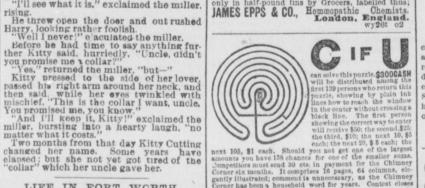
"But if you are sleepy, don't wait."

"O," said Kitty, looking particularly wide-



GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

what's that?"
Kitty turned pale. There was a suppressed noise in the closet. Harry had evidently got tired of his constrained position, and was stirring round a little.
"It must be the cat." said Kitty hurriedly.
"The cat! Do you allow her in the closet? She ought to be driven out."
The miller rose, but Kitty hurriedly anticipated him.
She went to the closet, opened it a trifle, and called "Scat!"
"No, the cat is not there" she said to BREAKFAST.



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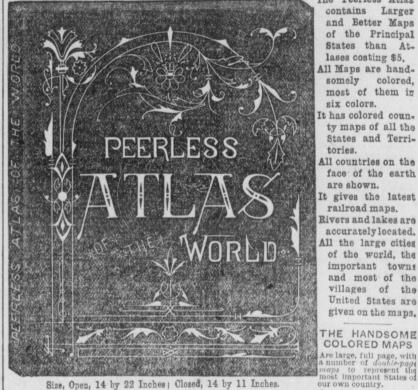
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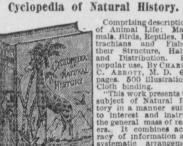
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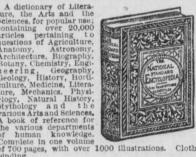
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